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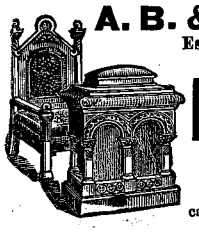

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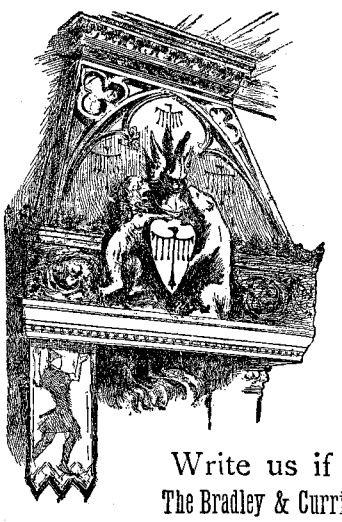

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Volume 49 For Week ending 13 January, 1894 Number 2

The Week

THE news from Hawaii which comes as we go to press supplies the most extraordinary chapter in the diplomatic melodrama in which our Government has been playing such a singular and inexplicable rôle for some time past. It appears that on the 13th of December President Dole informed Mr. Willis, our Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, that he had received information that Mr. Willis was in communication with the ex-Queen with a view to re-establishing the monarchy and supporting her pretensions to the sovereignty, an action which, in view of the official relations of Mr. Willis to the Provisional Government, seemed impossible. In response to this note Mr. Willis met the Hawaiian Government on the 19th and declared, in substance, that the President of the United States had deemed it his duty to withdraw from the Senate the treaty of annexation, had dispatched a representative to Hawaii to investigate the cause of the revolution, and, on the report of that representative, had decided that the Provisional Government was not established by the Hawaiian people or with their consent; that the Queen had refused to surrender to the Provisional Government until convinced that the United States Minister had recognized it and would defend it with military force; that she was advised by her Ministers to surrender under protest and present her case to the President of the United States; that the President was satisfied that the movement against the Queen was supported by the representative of the United States, who promised in advance to aid her enemies, and who kept his promise by landing a detachment of troops from the Boston; that the President had thereupon withdrawn the treaty and determined to reinstate the Queen; that he had required of her that she should grant full amnesty to all who had participated in the movement against her, and that the Queen had agreed to the condition; and Mr. Willis thereupon advised the Provisional Government that it was expected to relinquish to the Queen her constitutional authority. President Dole promptly refused to consider the demand. It is characteristic of the singular course which this matter has taken under the President's direction that the action which he first contemplated, and which he has since abandoned because he foresaw that he was passing beyond his constitutional power, has now been taken at a time when the whole matter has passed out of his hands and is awaiting Congressional action. The country will agree with President Dole in thinking that Mr. Willis's mission to reinstate the Queen was in the last degree inconsistent with the friendly attitude which he took toward the Provisional Government. This newest development demonstrates, if demonstration were needed, the difficulty of attempting to govern Hawaii from Washington, either with or without annexation. To govern it without annexation, which is what the present Administration is trying to do, presents the greater difficulty.

❀

The internal revenue schedules of the Wilson Bill were announced on Tuesday of last week. The important changes proposed are as follows: (1) An increase of ten cents a gallon in the tax on distilled liquor, including that now in bond; (2) an increase in the tax upon cigarettes to $1.50 per thousand; (3) the imposition of a tax of two per cent. upon all incomes in excess of $4,000. This last proposition was agreed upon by a vote of six to five among the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee—the Eastern members, particularly Mr. Cockran, of this city, strongly protesting. Mr. Cockran declared himself in favor of a legacy tax, and as willing to vote for a small tax on the incomes of corporations. In order to make the revenue sufficient, he proposed in committee to restore a small tax on sugar, and abolish the bounty. The majority of the Committee, however, held that the maintenance of free sugar was essential. No sooner were these announcements made than opposition to the Wilson Bill, chiefly from Eastern Democrats, began to be openly expressed. On Wednesday not enough Democrats were present in the House to secure the consideration of the measure, as the Republicans adopted the old Democratic tactics, and required their opponents to keep a quorum of their own members present to pass any party legislation. The same situation developed on Thursday and Friday. On Friday nine Democrats who were present refused to vote. They were, naturally enough, from Louisiana and from the Eastern States whose delegations a few years ago voted with the Republicans against the Morrison Bill. On Friday night a Democratic caucus was held, at which the opponents of the income tax secured an agreement that two additional days should be given to the discussion of the income tax and the internal revenue schedules. The caucus resolved that it was the duty of every Democrat to be present to carry through the party measure. In spite of this action a quorum was not secured until Monday. The opponents of the income tax are struggling to secure its consideration as a separate measure. It is said that a few of its friends are also desirous of this separation, relying upon the popularity of the income tax among Western Republicans. As we go to press the issue of this conflict is still in doubt.

❀

The New York "Tribune" publishes a remarkable letter from Mr. Andrew Carnegie on the Wilson Bill. His position as a great iron manufacturer gives his word weight, and entitles him to serious consideration from all non-partisan leaders. He begins by expressing his regret that

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the tariff is to be interfered with at all, but believes that a brief discussion and a speedy decision are of the utmost importance. He believes that the Democratic party would make reasonable modifications in the Wilson Bill, and, without assuming to speak for the manufacturers of the United States, urges that it would be better to have a moderately satisfactory bill passed by the Democratic party than even a more satisfactory bill passed by the Republican party, because the passage of such a bill would be final and would give the country industrial peace. He declares, too, that he has reasons for believing that it is in the power of the Republicans in the Senate "to obtain the necessary modifications required in the Wilson Bill to make it one such as our industrial system can adapt itself to and prosper under." It is, perhaps, needless to say that the "Tribune" does not agree with Mr. Carnegie. We cannot but wish that Mr. Carnegie had expressed clearly in his letter the nature of the modifications in the bill which he thinks desirable, in order that the public might see whether the result would be measurably satisfactory to the industrial interests of the country. Whether or not it is possible to frame a bill which would be so satisfactory we are by no means certain, but we certainly agree with Mr. Carnegie in thinking that a prolonged discussion is undesirable; that the sooner the tariff question can be settled, and the more permanently it can be settled, the better; that our industries can adjust themselves in time to the conditions of any reasonable system, but it is impossible for them to adjust themselves to a perpetually changing legislation.

❀

Governor Waite, of Colorado, has called together the Legislature of that State to meet in special session on Wednesday of this week. The work outlined by the Governor in his proclamation is extended enough to occupy the Legislature for many weeks, but the opposition to the special session is so strong among the members that a speedy adjournment may take place. Most of the business which the Legislature has been summoned to transact is of purely local importance, but two of the Governor's proposals are of National interest. The less important of these is that the State shall authorize the various local governments to issue notes to the same amount as that to which they are now authorized to issue bonds—this currency to be expended upon public works, and to be redeemable at the end of three years in interest-bearing bonds. In other words, Governor Waite would give to municipalities the same power to issue currency which the repeal of the Federal tax on State bank notes would give to the banks. Both of these propositions to increase the currency by any other agency than the National Government seem to us to be contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, which, in forbidding any State to "coin money" or "emit bills of credit," seems to forbid any State to authorize one of its creatures to exercise this power. The only difference between the municipal currency proposed by Governor Waite and the State bank note currency proposed by the Democratic platform is that in one case the local public, and in the other case the banks, would get or save the interest on the notes issued. Either of these currencies would extend the number of promises to pay without extending the amount of legal-tender money in which payments could at all times be made.

❀

The other and more important proposition is that the Legislature of Colorado shall provide

"that all silver dollars, domestic and foreign, containing not less than 371¼ grains of fine silver . . . shall be a legal tender in payment for all debts, public and private, collectible within the State of Colorado."

Governor Waite claims that the Constitution by implication authorizes such action when it forbids any State to "make anything but gold and silver legal tender for debt." This argument might be good were it not that the Constitution not only forbids a State to "coin money," but also gives to the Congress of the United States, without limitation, the power to "coin money" and "regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin." In 1857 Congress took away the legal-tender quality of foreign coins. For the Legislature of Colorado, which is denied the power to coin silver, to make legal tender foreign silver coins would probably be held by the courts to be an invasion of the constitutional powers of the Federal Government. The currency problem is a National one, and the solution for it can be reached only through the National Government. We are glad to see that the most widely read paper in Colorado, the Denver "News" (Populist), condemns Governor Waite's proposition as one in favor of a fifty-four-cent dollar. It is a mistake for the Governor of Colorado to confuse the State's demand for National free coinage with a demand for a silver dollar worth less than a gold dollar.

❀

The annual message of Governor Flower, of New York, is of political importance because it makes clear the way for the adoption of a "blanket" ballot, upon which the names of all candidates shall be printed. If the Republican Legislature will forbid the use of the "pasters," all the corrupting expense connected with the printing and distributing of ballots will be done away with, and a single ballot, handed the voter by an election officer, will replace the multiplicity of ballots and pasters which formerly overloaded the mails and furnished employment to the army of ticket-peddlers who manned the polls. If there is little independent voting hereafter, it will be because there is little independent thinking. The simplest of machinery for such voting will be at the hands of every elector. To prevent the repetition of such outrages as those at Gravesend, Governor Flower urges that personal registration be required throughout the State. Regarding the State (instead of county) care of the insane, Governor Flower says that the "humanitarians" have won their battle, and that few people would now care to go back to the old system. Perhaps the most interesting portion of his message is that in which he recommends that the usefulness of the canals be increased, not by widening and deepening them (though that may come later), but by the introduction of electric propulsion. The State experiment conducted during the last year, he says, shows that an increase of thirty per cent. in speed can be effected by this means as compared with steam, and a decrease of about twenty-five per cent. in cost. As compared with horse and mule power the economy would be still greater. "The essential point," he says, "in arranging for the application of electric propulsion on the canals is that the power should be furnished at the lowest possible cost, and any construction of State works for this purpose, or any contract with individuals or corporations for supplying power to the boatmen, should be hedged about with abundant safeguards for the protection of the public interests." The idea of the State furnishing the motor power for the canal-boats will doubtless seem dangerously Socialistic to many who regard it as a matter of course that the State should furnish the canals.

❀

Governor Mitchell, of Florida, seems to be the right man in the right place. When it became apparent that the

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Jacksonville sporting club under the auspices of which the proposed Mitchell-Corbett prize-fight was arranged had a Circuit Court judge on its side, Governor Mitchell is reported to have said that he would ignore this Circuit judge, and prevent the fight at all hazards, unless the Supreme Court decided against him. His actions, at all events, have evinced this spirit. Fortunately, he has been able to avoid a direct conflict with the Circuit Court judge in question. The action brought by the sporting club in a lower court, from which appeal was to have been taken to the judge known to be ready to declare that there was no law in Florida against "glove contests," was dismissed on motion of the prosecuting attorney, and appeal effectually prevented. Since that time the Mayor of Jacksonville has vetoed an ordinance passed by the City Council authorizing a glove contest, when the gloves used had a certain specified weight—that customary in prize-fights. The Sheriff of the county also has declared that he will interfere if the fight occurs in the city. The State seems now to be thoroughly aroused, and, inasmuch as Governor Mitchell has declared that, if it be necessary to prevent the fight, he will proclaim martial law, the prospects are that the Nation will be spared the threatened degradation.

❀

If ever a universal boycott can be justified, it would be in the case of the Kesbey & Mattison Company, of Ambler, Pa., manufacturers of chemicals. This company has posted in its works at Ambler public notice to its employees that those of them who are in sympathy with the Wilson measure are requested to hand in their resignation to the Superintendent, justifying this attempt to control the political views and actions of its employees by saying that "it is only fair to their fellow-employees that, as the work grows less, it shall be done by those men who are not responsible for the present deplorable condition of economic affairs." Whether the company is right or wrong in its dogmatic declaration that the introduction of the Wilson Bill is responsible for the present industrial depression we do not stop here to discuss, though it is somewhat difficult to see why the introduction of such a measure should have produced depression in England, Germany, and even Australia—in brief, depression throughout the commercial world. But, whether the company is right or wrong in its opinion, its action is equally unjustifiable. If employers have a right to dictate the political views and opinions of their employees, we have in America, not a democracy, but a plutocracy of the worst description, because a plutocracy masquerading under the form of a democracy. Such a public notice as the Kesbey & Mattison Company has posted in its works will do more to make Socialists than a score of Socialistic newspapers could do in a score of years. If the working people of this country should once be persuaded that the Government must own the manufactories, or that working people must surrender their political franchise, the day of State Socialism would not be far off.

❀

Our New York readers will have acquainted themselves with the details of Dr. Parkhurst's campaign against the police organization of this city for inefficiency and complicity with vice, and all that we can attempt to do in this paragraph is to give the result thus far to readers outside of New York. The Society of which Dr. Parkhurst is President, and all of whose energies he inspires and directs, has been attempting for some months to secure an indictment of certain police captains. The cases were at last brought before an "Extraordinary Grand Jury;" the unusual course was pursued of inviting the accused before the Grand Jury to defend themselves; and the indictments were thrown out. In an open letter to the public, published by the Society since, it is made very clear that the Society has had no aid from the District Attorney's office in its endeavor to bring accused officials to trial; that, on the contrary, its way has been constantly impeded and its purpose thwarted—as the result shows, only too successfully. What the next step of the Society and its President may be we do not know. Dr. Parkhurst is not a man to be thwarted in his final purposes by obstacles, however great; but the moral of the whole campaign appears to us to be that in New York City—and probably the same moral would apply to most of our great cities, certainly to many of them—the citizens must take this matter in hand, and must make a political overturning such as was made last fall in Brooklyn, N. Y., putting into office men whose sympathies are with virtue and integrity, and who will use the powers of their office, not to protect or defend the inefficient and the corrupt, but to prosecute, convict, and punish them. Until this is done, private enterprise can do little more than compel the public to see the unfaithfulness of public servants, and so prepare for a political revolution which will turn them out of office.

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An eminently useful and honorable life came to an end when Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody died at her home in Jamaica Plain, near Boston, on Thursday of last week. The daughter of a Salem physician, the sister-in-law of Nathaniel Hawthorne and of Horace Mann, Miss Peabody's early life had about it the best intellectual and moral influences. Her education was far in advance of the average education for girls in her time, and she early took up the profession of teaching, succeeding Margaret Fuller in Mr. Alcott's school fifty-three years ago, and coming into close personal relations with Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, and many other of the leaders of New England thought in that period. Her own sympathies were broad and progressive, and while she stood primarily for educational advancement, and especially for the higher education of women, she was an advocate of suffrage for women, a pronounced opponent of slavery, and was identified with nearly every progressive movement. Her special educational service was in connection with the kindergarten, in which she became interested in 1859, going a few years later to Europe for the special purpose of studying Froebel's method. The impulse which she gave to the kindergarten movement in this country upon her return is universally known, and in the history of the introduction and dissemination of Froebelian ideas in America Miss Peabody's name must always hold a very prominent and honorable place.

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In the absence of fuller reports of the declarations of the new Italian Premier, it is impossible to form a trustworthy impression of the prospects of the new Ministry. Signor Crispi began by an appeal for the support of all parties, on the ground that Italy was passing through the gravest crisis in its history as a kingdom; but his references to specific matters of policy, such as the reduction of expenditures and the proposed legislation for the improvement of the condition of Sicily, were extremely vague, and apparently neither the Extreme Conservatives nor the Extreme Liberals were brought to any definite expression of their relations to the new Ministry. The general impression in the other capitals does not seem to be favorable to the long life of the Ministry. The new Cabinet is, however, a strong one, so far as its *personnel* is concerned, all but two of its members being well-known men, and

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several of them persons in whom the public would, under other circumstances, repose great confidence. It is natural, however, that the chapter of current history which the Italians call the "Little Panama" should make the public skeptical of the virtue of men of all parties. The real test of any Italian ministry at present is its willingness to deal resolutely and frankly with the financial question, and that involves a serious reduction of expenditures. The Ministry of War in the new Cabinet was offered to General Ricotti, who was willing to accept the position provided he was allowed to reduce the annual expenditure for army purposes by 40,000,000 francs, and to diminish the army by two corps. Signor Crispi, however, would not concede so radical a readjustment. He insisted on the maintenance of the twelve corps which now compose the army, and a reduction of only 16,000,000 francs. Protesting that the army could not be efficiently sustained in its present strength upon such a reduction of expenditure, General Ricotti refused to accept the position of Minister of War, and General Mocenni, an unknown man, was given the place. This does not look like a real reduction of expenditures which have brought the country to the verge of bankruptcy.

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There is an old saying in Europe that European revolutions begin in Sicily, and it is due somewhat to this feeling that the condition of things in that island excites so much attention and is watched with so much interest by all the great Powers. In area less than one-fourth the size of the State of New York, with a population of less than 3,400,000, Sicily has always been a factor in the European situation entirely out of proportion to its magnitude. From the very beginning of European civilization it has been a focal point, and when Mr. Freeman attempted to write its history the story grew under his hands until it promised to fill four or five octavo volumes. It has been a scene of struggle from the beginning, and of late years the Mafia has found there its headquarters, and brigandage and feuds have been by no means unknown. The present disturbance is due largely to an old-time social condition which dates back to the time when the men who worked on large estates were not permitted to live upon them, but were collected together in small communities, as they are in many other parts of Europe. The result is that the three millions and more of people who live in Sicily are very largely collected in towns, in spite of the fact that their occupations are almost wholly agricultural. The land, of course, is taxed, and against that form of taxation the Sicilians do not revolt; but there is another tax in the island, unknown in this country, and extremely onerous and vexatious. It is the tax levied by municipalities upon everything that comes within their gates, and this tax is known as the *octroi*, a word which constantly appears in recent dispatches from Sicily. Under this system the farmer who works his farm at a short distance from the city is not only compelled to pay taxes on his land, but is compelled to pay taxes on his own produce when he brings it to his house. Wheat, grapes, olives, flax, must all yield their revenue to the little town in which he lives; and accordingly he finds himself obliged to support, not only the simple machinery of rural government, but also the more complicated and expensive machinery of the different municipalities, which very largely derive their support from the octroi taxes.

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Nothing could be more irritating and offensive than the tax-gatherer at the gate of a city imposing a duty on the produce of the lands of a man who is bringing in the fruit of his own toil to his own home. Moreover, the Sicilians declare that this special form of tax is administered or collected, not simply with reference to the revenue for the public, but for the purpose of enriching the collectors, and that it falls very unevenly on their shoulders, because the tax-collectors are bribed by rich people and admit very many things for which poor people are obliged to pay. This unpopular tax has, moreover, increased materially of late years, and the Sicilians have grown more and more restive under the burden. Whether or not it is due entirely to this restiveness, or to the presence of the element of disorder in an active form in Europe generally, or to the direct instigation of Anarchist and Socialist leaders, cannot be determined, but for several months past Sicily has been the scene of an agrarian outbreak steadily growing in seriousness. Seizures and destruction of property, assaults on persons, practical insurrections in towns, and hand-to-hand fights between the Sicilians and the tax-collectors, the municipal authorities, and in some cases the troops, have been growing in frequency, until things have reached such a pass that the Government has now 40,000 troops on the island, and has proclaimed a state of siege. Premier Crispi is himself a Sicilian, and may therefore be supposed to have special knowledge of the condition of things in the island. The Italian Government has promised reforms in the Sicilian administration, but it is determined, apparently, to secure order before redressing grievances. The possible bearing of this situation on the Triple Alliance is evident without extended comment, and its possible relation to elements of disorder elsewhere in Europe is also evident. It is these two factors which give the Sicilian difficulty European importance.

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The vigorous measures for dealing with Anarchy which are now being discussed in Switzerland, a country which has hitherto been notably jealous of all sorts of restrictive legislation, and notably hospitable to political offenders of all sorts, indicates how strong a reaction the recent Anarchistic outrages in Europe have set in motion. It needs but a few more such outrages to set back the progress of Liberalism for perhaps a quarter of a century; and the French Socialists, who have been making great progress of late, are likely to find themselves suddenly paralyzed unless they free themselves entirely from all connection with, or sympathy for, the Anarchistic party. On Sunday, a week ago, by a widely concerted action, the French police visited not less than ten thousand houses or sections of houses in different parts of France, searching for Anarchist literature, plans, and explosives. The thoroughness with which the work was done has evidently made an impression, and indicates the vigor and courage with which the French Government is acting in this connection. In Spain the police have been successful in finding the miscreant who threw the bomb in the theater at Barcelona and murdered a score or more of men and women, whose only offense seemed to be that they were members of society, and that, in the sight of the bomb-thrower, society is an abomination. The man has confessed that he selected a group of people who seemed to be enjoying themselves in the fullest and heartiest fashion, and threw the first bomb among them. His history and his statements since his arrest show him to be, like almost all the other perpetrators of Anarchistic outrages, a man of unsound mind or character. The more thoroughly Vaillant's record is known, the more clear it becomes that his act had no significance as representative of any profound and intelligent sense of suffering at the hands of society, but was the crime of a man of abnormal nature, whose act was inspired by the

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passion for destruction which is one form of the homicidal mania.

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Prohibition, like woman's suffrage, seems able to sustain any number of defeats and yet grow stronger all the while. When Rhode Island turned against it, and Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Nebraska rejected it by such heavy majorities, it was pronounced dead by any number of editors. It was formally buried when, last fall, Iowa Republicans avoided the prohibition issue and carried the State. Yet during this period of defeat prohibition has added the two Dakotas to its territory, and established the dispensary system in South Carolina, after carrying the State at the Democratic primaries. Similarly in Canada, after the wave of prohibitory feeling in 1884–5, when twenty-five out of forty-one counties of Ontario adopted local prohibition under the Scott Act, there was defeat after defeat, until, by the end of the decade, every one of these counties had gone back to license. But when the cause seemed almost crushed, a revival of strength began. A year ago the province of Manitoba voted in favor of complete prohibition, and in March last its Legislature petitioned the Dominion Government for permission to pass a prohibitory law. In Ontario also the prohibitionists forced their measure before their provincial Legislature, and obtained, instead of legislation, the reference of the question to the voters on January 1. Those most disappointed by this action joined heartily in the campaign, and the election held last week resulted in a vote of almost two to one in favor of prohibition. Even the city of Toronto gave a heavy majority in its favor. The comparative absence in Ontario of cities of a foreign population opposed to prohibition, and ready to vote for officers to break the law, makes this commonwealth a peculiarly hopeful one for the effective enforcement of the prohibitory system.

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GENERAL NEWS.—Dispatches to England from Sierra Leone state that Captain Lendy, of the British army, and several of his men (natives) have been killed by the French troops in the interior; the impression left is that the firing upon the British troops was through a mistake, though it is difficult to see how a mistake could have taken place. ——The greater part of Europe suffered the severest cold weather known for a long time the latter part of last week; rivers have been frozen which were never before known to freeze, and both in Great Britain and on the Continent the suffering among the poor was very severe.——There has been little news of importance the last week from Brazil; Admiral Da Gama has issued a manifesto directly withdrawing from his recent declaration in favor of monarchy; no naval action of importance has yet taken place.—— Sir Samuel White Baker, the African explorer, is dead.—— Adolph L. Sanger, the President of the New York Board of Education, died in this city on January 3; he was a man of admirable qualifications for the position, and was personally widely popular.——Oscar Craig, President of the New York State Board of Charities, died in Rochester last week.——The trial of Vaillant, who threw the bomb into the French Chamber of Deputies, has been postponed for the present.——W. B. Moore, a pension claim agent of Buffalo, N. Y., has been arrested on charges of fraud; it is stated that out of 6,000 pensions obtained by him 4,500 are fraudulent, and that nearly $1,000,000 has been obtained through his perjuries.—— The elections to the French Senate took place last Sunday, but the returns are not sufficiently complete as we go to press to make an adequate summary possible.——The Peristyle, Casino, Music Hall, and Manufactures Building of the Chicago World's Fair were destroyed by fire on Monday; many thousands of dollars' worth of exhibits still remained in the Manufactures Building and were burned; the fire is, as we write, thought to have been of incendiary origin.

The Income Tax

The Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee have voted, by a majority of one, to impose a two per cent. tax on incomes above $4,000, and to make this income tax a part of the Wilson Tariff Bill.

Strategically this is a bad political blunder. The very fact that it was passed in the Ways and Means Committee by a majority of one shows that it will divide the Democratic party, while it will certainly unite in hostility the Republican party. A plan which divides your own forces and unites those of your enemy is strategically a bad plan. It is evidently no necessary part of the Wilson Bill, and has no necessary affinity with it. A bill to adjust the tariff for the purpose of raising revenue, not for the purpose of protecting manufactures, involves one principle. A bill for levying an income tax on all incomes above $4,000 involves another principle. The two principles ought not to be combined in one measure. So to combine them is to insure that all the hostility to the second measure shall be directed against the first.

Apart from the question of strategy, the income tax as proposed by the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee is, in our judgment, a bad measure on three distinct grounds.

It is bad on politico-economic grounds. The first object of legislation in securing a public income should be to secure to the public what belongs to it—for example, a fair compensation for all public franchises; secondly, it should levy its taxation on property, because this property has been accumulated under the Governmental protection, and its value is dependent upon Governmental protection. It should levy a tax on industry only in case the expenses of the Government cannot be otherwise provided. An income tax is a tax on industry, and, therefore, ought to be the last resort of any Government. There is a justification for the corporation tax, because this is primarily a tax on accumulated property, and there is a reason in political economy for discriminating between incomes which are derived from personal industry and incomes which are derived from invested property.

The income tax is not only bad political economy, it is necessarily unjust taxation. Professional men and salaried men, whose income is all received in money, can tell almost exactly what that income is. Manufacturers and merchants, who turn their receipts into goods as fast as the money is received, and whose real income depends upon appreciation and depreciation of goods in stock, cannot tell, often not even approximately, what their income has been. An income tax, therefore, bears especially heavily on the professional and salaried class, and largely exempts the mercantile and manufacturing class. For this reason, even more than because it exempts all incomes under $4,000, it is class legislation.

An income tax is not only bad political economy and an unjust tax; it is an immoral tax, because it inevitably promotes immorality. The only basis for a general income tax is the statement under oath of the citizen. The honest and scrupulous citizen states his income accurately. The unscrupulous citizen lies about his income, and the

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shrewd and not too scrupulous citizen finds ways by which he can evade the law and falsely represent his income without hazarding a prosecution for perjury. The income tax pays men for fraud and falsehood. A law which fines a man for doing right, and rewards him for doing wrong, is a bad law.

We do not believe that an income tax can be carried through the present Congress; we doubt whether it can secure the approval of the present President; and we are sure that, if these two improbable results are secured, it will be repealed after the next general election.

Christ's Plan

We print on another page the teachings of Christ which bear on the problem of charity. We take them from an admirable compilation of Christ's teachings in a volume entitled "The Great Discourse."[1] It would be superfluous to commend them to the study of our readers.

We agree entirely with the view so admirably expressed a few weeks ago in the columns of The Outlook by Miss Anna L. Dawes, that to read the Sermon on the Mount as a new code of laws is simply to substitute a new Judaism for the old. And we do not agree with a critic who apparently thinks that they are specifications which must be literally obeyed all the more because they illustrate a principle. They are applications of a principle; and applications of a principle which serve in one time and under one set of circumstances may not serve at another time and under different circumstances. The love which forbids one child to strike another may require the mother to whip them both.

The fundamental principle in these words of Christ is summed up in the one word Love. Loveless charity is a contradiction in terms; but there is a great deal of so-called charity which is loveless. "Cold as charity" has become a proverb. Strange contradiction: cold as love! "Blessed is he that considereth the poor," says the wise man. Is it not Ruskin who remarks that we are willing to do everything except *consider* the poor? We will feed him, house him, clothe him, make work for him—everything except consider him. "Put yourself in his place" is the first condition of effectual help, because it is the first characteristic of real love. We are to befriend the poor; and friendship is personal.

And the next principle which the reader will observe in Christ's words is embodied in the declaration that we are to be like the heavenly Father, who sends his sunshine and his rain alike on the good and on the evil, on the just and on the unjust. When Justice goes on her errands, she must carefully discriminate between the deserving and the undeserving; her duty is to administer according to deserts. But when Love goes on her errands, she inquires only that she may make her service more effectual to both alike. It is not any easier for a man to bear his wretchedness because he knows that he has brought it upon him by his own fault. The greater the fault, the greater the need of aid, though doubtless of aid different in kind and differently furnished. "The poor are so ungrateful." We do not believe that that is true; but if it were, what then? "If ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? For sinners also love those that love them." "The poor are so shiftless." That is very often true. But what then? The more shiftless, the more need of aid. It is a common impression in Puritan circles that thrift is the sum of all the virtues, and shiftlessness is the unpardonable sin. That was not Christ's view of life. Love is the sum of all the virtues, and lovelessness is the sum of all sin. The writer of this article met the other evening a poor man, who has not been thrifty, and has other faults, but who has recently adopted two deserted children. He will not send them to the orphan asylum, though that would perhaps be the wiser course. "We shall be none the poorer at the end of the year because we have taken them," he says. He is not a saint; but, in Christ's measuring, with all his faults, he gets nearer divinity than some thrifty and self-satisfied members of society with a more flawless record.

There is, too, a hint as to methods in the last counsel of Christ in the chapter of his counsels which we print. It is good to visit the poor, provided it is sympathy, not suspicion, which makes the visit; but it is also good to invite the poor to visit us. Often a little cheer does more good to an impoverished life and a desponding heart than a great deal of money. If every reader of The Outlook would give one Christ party this winter, and call in the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind, choosing those whom he personally knew and could personally befriend, the result in newness of hope and life would not be insignificant.

Christ has no great plan to propose. But a great heart is better than a great plan.

[1] Published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York City.

An Important Report

The publication by the Bureau of Education during the present week of the "Report of the Committee on Secondary School Studies" appointed at the meeting of the National Educational Association, July 9, 1892, is an event of the first importance in the history of education in this country. The Committee is generally known throughout the country as the "Committee of Ten," and ever since its appointment, eighteen months ago, its report has been looked forward to with keen anticipation. The report is addressed to the National Council of Education, and it will doubtless be formally acted upon by that body when it meets in July next. Meanwhile the report will be widely distributed and eagerly studied, and, it is safe to predict, will profoundly modify secondary education in the United States, greatly to the advantage of our entire educational system.

The Committee had for its Chairman President Eliot, of Harvard University, and its members represented every section of the country and every type of university, college, and secondary school that exists here. These ten gentlemen were broad in sympathy and progressive in tendency, and their work was planned with great wisdom and skill. After having reduced the main problems of secondary education to eleven questions, they submitted these questions to nine Conferences, each consisting of ten specialists in some one branch of secondary school work.

While the Conferences are all progressive in the character of their recommendations, yet no one of them appears to have been extreme or unduly radical. On almost if not quite every case they are sustained by the Committee of Ten, a circumstance that gives added weight to the conclusions reached by both the Conferences and the Committee. It would be idle to deny, however, that when the schools and colleges come to put in practice the recommendations made in this report—as many of them will and as all of them should—there will be a great rattling of dry bones. The Latin Conference, for example, says that in America we begin Latin too late and do not always teach it so as to

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get the best results. More translation at sight is called for, and a larger variety of authors is recommended. Good reasons are given against the continued exclusive use of Cæsar's "Gallic War."

Similarly, the Greek Conference regrets that so few colleges, through their admission examinations, encourage the reading of Greek at sight in schools. It recommends the substitution of some portions of the Hellenica for two books of the Anabasis, and suggests that the Odyssey is to be preferred to the Iliad for the use of beginners in the study of Homer. Both of these conferences have in mind the vivifying of classical instruction by improved methods of teaching and by reading more extensively in the Greek and Latin masterpieces.

The members of the Conference on English were very successful in formulating their views. They describe the means by which the study of English in secondary schools may be made the equal of any other study in disciplinary or developing power. They wish English to have as much time given to it as Latin, and hold that the best results in the teaching of English in high schools cannot be secured without the aid given by the study of some other language. They point out that for the latter purpose Latin and German are especially well adapted because of their full inflectional system. It is also a fundamental idea in the report of this conference that the study of every other subject should contribute to the student's training in English, and that his capacity to write clear, idiomatic English should be developed in every other department.

The distinguished mathematicians who assembled as the Conference on their specialty were under no illusion as to the present state of mathematical teaching. They call for more work to be done in less time than is at present usual. In arithmetic a radical change is asserted to be necessary; many topics now included in the text-books of that subject are to be greatly curtailed or entirely omitted. Concrete geometry is to be begun in grammar-schools, and systematic algebra not later than fourteen years of age. More attention to facility and correctness of work, and less time devoted to logical puzzles, is asked for in the case of each of the branches of mathematics.

The Conferences on scientific subjects had practically to begin *de novo*, for secondary school work in physics, chemistry, natural history, physiology, botany, and geography —when it exists at all—is ordinarily of the most uninspiring character. Some of these Conferences, therefore, map out detailed and exhaustive courses of study in their respective subjects. All agree in urging the importance of studying nature face to face in the laboratory or museum, and not through the darkening medium of a text-book.

The Committee of Ten take up these Conference reports, combine their conclusions into a programme for school work, state the general principles on which school programmes should be constructed, and then offer four sample programmes of their own, each covering four years of secondary school work. These four programmes are called, respectively, the Classical, the Latin-Scientific, the Modern Language, and the English. Each makes provision for the substantial study of language, history, natural science, and mathematics. Many persons will be apt to judge the value of the Committee's report by their impressions as to these four sample programmes. While the programmes are both interesting and suggestive, to base too much upon them would be an error. It is in the scope of the Committee's report, in its general recommendations as to secondary education, and in the detailed study of special topics made by the Conferences, that its permanent value and importance are to be found. It will fully repay any amount of study devoted to it, and stands as a witness to the progress in the study of education that the last ten years have witnessed in this country. When the report of the German School Conference, held in December, 1890, was published, it was very properly hailed with delight in this country; but the present report, the outcome of the efforts of a voluntary organization of American teachers, outweighs the German document at almost every point.

Editorial Notes

—Our readers will receive with this number of The Outlook a sixteen-page supplement containing the concluding chapters of Maarten Maartens's fine and strong novel, "The Greater Glory." In these last chapters the ethical purpose of the author, his hatred of shams and hypocrisy, his keen wit, his idealization of the noble and the altruistic in human nature, reach as high a level as in "God's Fool," the predecessor of "The Greater Glory." We are sure that our readers will be glad of the opportunity of perusing the conclusion of the story in connected form.

—One cannot credit the London "Times" with entire disinterestedness in its advice to Mr. Gladstone, on the occasion of his eighty-fourth birthday two weeks ago, to retire from office and become a general adviser of the nation, a kind of non-partisan oracle. The Premier would undoubtedly shine as an oracle, but just now he seems to be the most expert parliamentarian in England, and one of the most progressive political leaders. Some one commenting upon him the other day declared that his faults were those of his youth.

—The Conservative papers in Germany violently denounce Mr. Gladstone's speech opposing a costly increase of the British navy. These journals steadily resist internal reforms in Germany, on the ground that the dangers menacing the Fatherland demand an increase in her armament. Their anger with Gladstone for refusing to increase these dangers indicates the hollowness of the patriotism upon which militarism fattens. The war parties in different countries welcome each other's triumphs, and are dismayed by the triumphs of those who, in the spirit of peace, would prepare for peace.

—The London "Spectator" strongly commends the Initiative and the Referendum. "The Liberal elector," it says, "finds Home Rule sandwiched, perhaps, between payment of Members and disestablishment. . . . A Conservative elector finds women's suffrage sandwiched between a measure for insuring him a competence in old age and a measure for federating the colonies and fortifying distant coaling stations. He votes for them in block. How can he feel personally responsible for what he never really cared to do? . . ." How many American electors have not found themselves in a similar predicament?

—The will of a negro named Lafon has just been probated in New Orleans; it bequeaths $3,000 to Straight University, $3,000 to New Orleans University, $3,000 to the Southern University, various amounts from $3,000 to $150,000 to several Catholic charities, and a large number of individual amounts to whites and blacks. Among the white persons remembered are two prominent New Orleans Democrats. This will strikes a hard blow at a number of often-repeated generalizations regarding the financial, social, religious, and political position of the negro in the South.

—The bitter denunciations by the Anarchists of the widespread attempt to relieve the necessities of the needy demonstrates the truth of the statement, made in these columns last week, that a noble illustration of brotherly kindness on the part of the fortunate toward the unfortunate this winter would destroy all the capital upon which the Anarchists are in the habit of drawing. The Anarchist, it must be remembered, is in no sense a reformer. He is simply a destroyer who does not wish things to become better. He wishes them to become worse, and therefore he detests the present outgoing of kindness.

—With the first issue of the new year our contemporary and neighbor, the New York "Evangelist," changes its form and takes on the general form of The Outlook, with a little larger page. Dr. Field is now in the fortieth year of his connection with the "Evangelist," and, having passed the line of seventy, desires to divide the responsibility of the ownership, as well as the editorial management, of the paper. The Evangelist Publishing Company has therefore been organized, Dr. Field retaining a majority of the stock and being entirely relieved of all business cares by Mr. Henry R. Elliot. Dr. Field has imparted to the "Evangelist" a great deal of that quality which has made him, both as a man and a writer, eminently attractive to a host of people. It is in harmony with this geniality of temper that the "Evangelist" is to be found on the liberal and progressive side in the Presbyterian Church. The Outlook congratulates its contemporary on its new and attractive dress and form, and wishes it all prosperity and influence.

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The Church and the Labor Movement[1]

By Prof. Richard T. Ely[2]

IT is of supreme importance that those interested in the labor movement should understand fully the immense advantage which Christianity gives to social reformers. We find, as a matter of fact, Christianity professed more or less sincerely by millions of men. It is possible to go before these men and say: "Theoretically, you accept the ethics of Christianity; you acknowledge even the most distant and remote needy person to be your neighbor, whom you should love as yourself; and if you would be honest with yourself, you must carry into all the details of your life the application of universal benevolence. Either do this, or acknowledge frankly that you abandon Christianity as the dream of an enthusiast who lived some two thousand years ago." The point should be clearly grasped. Apart from Christianity, it does not appear plain why I should love all men and try to promote their welfare. Fraternity may become a mere matter of taste, about which controversies may never terminate. It can be asserted, as it has been by a learned writer, that "Men are not brothers at all; or only under qualifications which make the assertion of their fraternity unimportant."

As Christians, we may say that we are agreed as to these fundamental things, about which there may otherwise be controversy. We do not argue about them, but we attempt to find out what they mean in our life, not only on Sunday, but every day in the week, in the family and in the market-place. We have had laid down by one whose authority we must recognize, or renounce Christianity, the conditions of blessing, including love for all men, and also the conditions of condemnation, including neglect of social duties.

But we have not merely the ethical system, the acceptance of which can alone make possible the success of the labor movement. We have also a leader and guide—a living personality who is a source of strength in the difficulties which ensue when we attempt to put universal benevolence into our conduct. We have in this Leader a goal of social evolution, and experience would seem to demonstrate the uselessness of attempting to direct the unruly wills and passions of the masses of mankind without presenting to them a personality whom they can follow. Each religion, therefore, responds to this universal need by placing before men some one who, it is claimed, must be their savior, whether he be Buddha, Christ, or Mohammed.

A survey of the labor movement shows that one of the chief obstacles in its progress has been frequent betrayal of trust; and I would say to the wage-earners who are carrying forward this movement: "How, without such help as you may derive from an organization like the Church, can you expect to secure fidelity in those who claim to serve you?" It is acknowledged, it may be remembered in this connection, even by those who deny the sufficiency of the Church for the salvation of society, that it has been at least tolerably successful in its work of individual salvation among those who profess allegiance to it.

Karl Marx, who stands higher than any one else in the Social Democracy, tells workingmen that they must work out their own salvation alone and unaided by others; and since his day wage-earners have been warned not to seek help from those whose economic and social position may be regarded as more fortunate than their own. These prophets of Social Democracy unite with the political democrats in teaching the equality of men, and in this they are radically wrong. The false doctrine of equality, without support in the actual facts of life, has, perhaps, done as much as anything else to injure the prospects of popular movements. The Gospel message, it would seem to me, as well as the gospel of common sense, is not liberty, equality, and fraternity, but authority, inequality, and fraternity. Whatever may be the cause, and however much we may in some respects regret it, the truth is that the inequalities among men in character and capacity are simply marvelous. The ordinary wage-earner feels, and shows that he feels, the need of superior leadership. He is looking about and crying out for true leadership. He desires the help of those who are wiser and stronger than he is himself. All of us do. Inequality is in the Bible, from beginning to end, accepted as a fact; but the superiors in strength are enjoined to use their superiority not for themselves but for others, following the example of Christ. When the inequalities among men are frankly acknowledged, the duty of those who are favored by the differences among men becomes apparent. The proudly strutting self-made man, who thinks any one of his workingmen might, like himself, make a million, if he only would, is encouraged by the false doctrine of equality to assume a hard and unsympathetic attitude with respect to the aspirations of the toiling masses. But he is, in reality, a pagan and not a Christian.

Adam Smith presented, although not in its extreme form—from which his Scotch common sense saved him—the social philosophy of the eighteenth century. This philosophy, as presented by him, has its legal as well as its economic aspects, and in it we find the doctrine of essential equality. Allowances are made for the differences of circumstances surrounding men in early life, and this hypothesis of equality does not assume its harshest form in his "Wealth of Nations." It was reserved for American courts to show its full maleficence and falsity. I do not condemn all alike, but too often their judgments might be compared to the attitude of bystanders who, seeing a professional pugilist unmercifully beating a poor girl or a cripple, should refuse to interfere, claiming that they considered it unjust to deprive the poor girl or the cripple of an equal chance to punish the pugilist. I use this comparison deliberately in my characterization of some judicial interpretations of the doctrine of freedom of contract, because, on the one hand, we have always to do with girls in the labor movement, and, on the other hand, sections, and even large sections, of the wage-earning classes have been crippled by a bad past, either in this or in other lands, and to talk to them about freedom of contract is a hollow mockery.

I bring before you two concrete instances. An anti-truck law had been passed in Pennsylvania. Its purpose was to compel, at the company stores, payment of wages in money and not in kind, which latter practice so often leads to oppression. Such a law in practice is found to be most wholesome. One has been in operation in Great Britain for a generation. But the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania overthrew it, in behalf, as alleged, of the wage-earning classes. They, in the mining districts where these company or "pluck-me" stores thrive, should not be hindered in the exercise of equal rights in forming contracts for their labor. The cripple should have, you see, an equal chance to punish the pugilist! The second concrete instance relates to New York, where the Court of Appeals overthrew the Anti-Tenement-House Cigar Law on the ground of unwillingness to interfere with the freedom of contract.

Cases involving this principle will soon arise in Illinois, where a very stringent law has been passed aimed against sweating-shops—too often little hells. The law recognizes actual facts of inequality, and let us hope that when the Supreme Court of this State comes to pass on this law it will rise to a profounder philosophy of law than that adopted by the courts of New York and Pennsylvania. At any rate, in an adverse decision, may we be spared any professions of solicitude for the right of the wage-earning classes to equality in labor contracts; for there are those among these classes, accustomed to harsh speech, who will

[1] Read at the recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Chicago.
[2] Of the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

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be bold enough, presumptuous enough, to declare this solicitude, like the legal philosophy involved, *a lie!*

The Anarchists generally, opposed to the exercise of authority of man over man, take an attitude of opposition to the idea of God, because they claim that from this idea proceeds authority among men. God is, indeed, the true source of authority. And without authority we can have no social order and no progress in material civilization. Authority exists as a matter of fact, and it finds its seat both in government and in private property. But it becomes first fully conscious of its responsibility in the recognition of its true source in God, and in acceptance of the Christian view of authority as a social trust.

It appears to be always in order, in an address of this kind, to urge, on the ground of policy, the cultured and the wealthy to assist their less fortunate fellows in attaining at least a minimum amount of improvement in their conditions. There are, indeed, reasons of policy sufficient to induce general action. That the situation is one involving danger, and very great danger, to the favored classes in the future, provided considerable changes in government and industry do not take place, cannot, in my own opinion, be denied. It seems to me, indeed, that a denial implies a failure to apprehend the nature and force of the social movements which have taken place during the past generation. But it is idle to hope to secure action on the ground of mere policy. Cold policy will never suffice, because cold policy will fail to recognize the relative truth in the programmes and platforms of those who are denounced by wealth and culture as extremists. Moreover, cold policy will lack insight which would lead to action in time.

Calamity can be averted only by men who have genuine love for the masses, and who are willing to become leaders of the sort who bear double burdens—kings of the kind praised by Ruskin, who do the hardest work, thinking little about remuneration, perhaps taking what is left after the others have been satisfied. Love for the masses must make men more or less radical, but the true Church will guard against the excesses to which love might lead, because the true Church has not only love, but learning. She should, indeed, be armed with the accumulated knowledge of the ages. Culture alone is proverbially selfish and unprogressive. It is unsympathetic, and sides with the powerful. But it is the mission of the Church to guard against this by combining with learning ardor.

We have always in mind an ideal. Naturally, the Church, so called, in its actual existence among men, is frequently far enough away from the ideal. All too generally, the Church lacks both love and the special social knowledge required by the present situation. Yet what there is of discreet zeal is still largely in the Church, and is stimulated by the Church.

It has been observed that the stronger classes in the community capture useful social institutions. It has, indeed, been claimed by the President of an American college that Oxford and Cambridge Universities were founded for poor boys, but were so successfully captured by the rich that at last it took an Act of Parliament to secure admission for a poor boy. Whether this is exact historical truth or not, it illustrates a frequent movement. Workingmen of sense will all acknowledge that the Church is a tremendous social power. But because they see her used frequently by those opposed to them, they are inclined to desert her and surrender her entirely to the service of those whom they call their enemies. How much wiser it would be for the wage-earners to endeavor to divert into right channels this vast social power!

I would oppose to the war-cry of Karl Marx another, namely: Workingmen of all lands, find freedom in the service of Christ! Workingmen of all lands, capture the Church!

There is no victory possible without humility and magnanimity, and no magnanimity or humility possible without an ideal; and there is not one who has not heard the call in his own heart to put aside all evil habits, and to live a brave, simple, truthful life.—*Thomas Hughes.*

My Study Fire

Work and Art

By Hamilton W. Mabie

The most mysterious and irritating quality in a work of art is the impression of ease which it conveys; it seems to have been a piece of play; we cannot associate work with it. Its charm lies in its detachment from this workaday world, and its suggestion of intimacy with some other world where the most perfect things are done with a prodigal easefulness. Nobody ever happened upon Nature in her working hours; apparently she is always at leisure. There is an illusion, however, in this apparent ease which owes its power of deception to our limitations. As a matter of fact, Nature is never at rest; she is always at work; but her work is so instinctive, so entirely within the range of her force, so perfectly expressive of the energy behind it, that it is, in the deepest sense, play. There is no compulsion behind it, no shrinking from it, no strain of power in it; it is quiet, easeful, normal, and adequate. The artist finds Nature a teacher in this as in other matters, and learns that the eternal charm of beauty lies in its complete severance from all trace of work. It is a bit of pure delight which comes to us from the few lines in which the lyric poet, with winning simplicity, records an impression or confides an experience, or from the few inches of canvas on which the artist preserves a swift glance at the landscape growing vague and mysterious in the twilight. The faintest odor of the lamp would empty the lines of their magic; a hint of toil would destroy the illusion of a power behind the picture similar in kind, however inferior in degree, to that behind the landscape.

Behind every bit of genuine art there lies a training, always arduous, sometimes rigorous to the point of pain. There is no greater popular fallacy than the impression that men of letters and artists of all kinds are men of leisure. They are, on the contrary, men whose work never ends, and whose mastery is not only secured, but sustained, at immense cost of time, strength, thought, emotion, and will. The grace which banishes the thought of toil was bought at a great price; it is a flower whose roots have often been watered by tears. Its perfection lies in its effacement of the "painful steps and slow" by which it has been reached; so that its highest success involves the complete forgetfulness of the toil behind. The artist whose touch on the keys has a magical ease which revives our childhood's faith in the world of the "Arabian Nights" is a heroic worker, who pays for his success a price from which most men of affairs would shrink back appalled. The writer whose hand rests so lightly on the strings of speech, and makes them sing or thunder with such indifferent ease, knows that "torment of style" which pursued Flaubert all his days; that painful pursuit of free, sincere, and noble expression, which is so constantly baffled, and so rarely touches the elusive goal. Two thousand and more sketches give a faint idea of the herculean toil behind Michel Angelo's "Last Judgment."

From this toil genius is no more exempt than talent; for perfection never comes by instinct; it is always the final expression of a perfectly harmonized nature. Shakespeare had his years of apprenticeship not less necessary and arduous than those of Gray; and Millet paid a great price for that marvelous skill of his. The first task laid upon the artist—the submission to the law of work when his mind is fomenting with all manner of spontaneous impulses—is so hard that art is allied forever to morality by the self-discipline which it involves; but the second task—the obliteration of every evidence of toil—is still more difficult. It is at this point that the artist reveals himself. He sets out with a goodly company, eager for that training which guards the gates of artistic achievement; but he is well-nigh deserted when he passes on into the next stage and begins to work with a free hand. Many men can work with sustained and noble energy, but very few men can transform work into play by coming to do instinctively, and with the ease of almost unconscious mastery, that which they began to do with deliberation and intention. In art it

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is pre-eminently and painfully true that many are called but few are chosen; and there is something pathetic, almost tragic, in the painstaking and tireless toil which is always climbing but which never plucks the flower of ease. For this reason there is a great gulf set between the amateur and the artist, which is never crossed; for the artist is the servant of toil that he may become the master of his craft, while the amateur, by evading the service, forever forfeits the mastery. It is this last gift of ease that evidences genius and shows that the workman has become a magician—one who knows how to make the flower bloom without the aid of botany, and the stars shine without invoking astronomy. He who once did things as work now does them as play, and, therefore, in the creative spirit and with the creative force and simplicity. When he was an apprentice he could explain his methods, but now that he is a master the thing he does with consummate skill and with such a touch of finality is as much a mystery to him as to others; it is no longer a contrivance; it is the deep and beautiful product of his whole nature working together with that mysterious force that resides in a rich personality.

There is something baffling in the quality of these final touches in art. Why should these few lines on paper, this bit of marble, this little group of verses, stand apart from the toiling world as if they belonged to another order of life and had their affinities with the things that grow and bloom rather than with those that are made and perish in the making? Why should a civilization fade out of human memory, and the delicate vase or the fragile lyric survive? The answer to these questions is found in Alfred de Musset's deep saying: "It takes a great deal of life to make a little art." In this vast workshop of life, with its dust and sweat and din, it is the worker that is perfected oftener than the work; and when some bit of perfection emerges from the dust and turmoil, it not only explains and justifies the toil behind it, but takes on a beauty which is half a prophecy.

A civilization is not lost if, beyond the mysterious training of men which it silently effects, it leaves behind a few final touches, strokes, and songs as a bequest to that art which, by its very perfection, is the visible evidence of immortality. For when the worker so masters his material that skill is no longer mechanical but vital, no longer wholly calculated but largely instinctive, he becomes the instrument of a genius greater than his, and the channel of a truth deeper than any he has compassed. He escapes the limitations of the artisan and gains the freedom of the artist—to whom finality of expression is as natural as the gush of song from the wood or the glow of light in the east. For the highest form of all things is beauty; and art, in that deep sense which allies it with the spontaneity, the ease, the grace, and the play of nature, is the finality for which all toil prepares and in which all work ends. It takes centuries to make the soil, and then, born of earth and nurtured by the sky, blooms the flower, without care or toil, mysterious and inexplicable—the touch of the imperishable beauty resting for an hour on its fragile petals.

The Problem of Charity

The Words of the Christ

The first of the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.

By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

If ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them. And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again. But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for he is kind unto the unthankful, and to the evil.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again.

Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth.

If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up the cross, and follow me.

When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly.

When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

What is Faith?

By the Rev. Wolcott Calkins

A student in the Buffalo Medical College was once led to a thorough study of specific gravity. He became convinced by many scientific tests that the living human body is a little lighter than pure water. Was this faith? Not yet. He had never been in deep water, but now began to watch his friends swimming and floating. He verified by these experiments the demonstrations of science. Was this faith? Not yet. One day he went with the swimmers to the lake, made them promise not to come to his rescue unless they were sure he was drowning, and then, divesting himself of his clothing, rolled slowly from a float into twenty feet of water! He sank a few feet, floated to the surface, lay still, submerged all but nostrils and lips, for a few minutes, and then reached out for the float and returned to it. And, after carefully observing his friends' motions in swimming, he rolled again into the water and paddled himself awkwardly but successfully to the shore. That is faith.

Columbus satisfied himself that the earth is a globe. He used all available evidence in forming this conviction. At last he held it for a truth of which he had no doubt, that the eastern shore of Asia could be reached by sailing west. Was that faith? Not yet. He also began to have

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a personal interest in this great truth. He longed to try the experiment. He looked for wonderful discoveries to be made on such a voyage. Was that faith? Not yet. He set sail, and steered straight into the trackless western seas. That is faith!

Now, I think that the Scriptural description of saving faith is just as simple as this. Its objects are all divine and spiritual things, beyond the present experience of the man of the world. What is faith to such a man? It begins with an apprehension and weighing of these things. They are unseen but not unreasonable. He finds evidence of their truth, quite as convincing as scientific proofs. At last he is firmly assured that the resurrection of Christ is a historical fact, that all his promises are confirmed by it, and that the whole Christian Revelation is true. But this is not faith.

Then all these great truths begin to have a personal interest to him. If God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, then he needs the forgiveness of sins which he now first begins to feel, and deliverance from a condemnation which he begins to fear. He takes knowledge of others who have communion with Christ by prayer, and longs for their peace of conscience. He hopes to realize for himself the things which he believes are promised in the Gospel. But even this is not faith.

Then comes the decisive test of action. He commits himself to his heavenly Father, just as he is, to be made what he ought to be. By virtue of the death of Christ he has been reconciled to God, and made to be an enemy no more, but a beloved child. He believes that his sins are forgiven, and he begins to live as an heir of eternal life. He proves and puts to the test all the promises of the Gospel, and commits himself fully to a penitent, prayerful, and obedient life. This is faith.

The best way to see that the saving efficacy of faith comes from this practical test of obedience is to reduce it to its lowest terms. Is a knowledge of the historic Christ essential to saving faith? Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, David, and even Gideon, Jephthah, and the wayward Samson! But the lowest terms go far down below these. Rahab the harlot! This benighted heathen, in the midst of her life of shame, is melted in heart by a gospel which is nothing but a rumor of what the living God has done for his anointed hosts, and she takes sides with the cause of truth and righteousness when it is in desperate straits. She trusts her life and all who are dear to her to one little scarlet thread whereon was suspended the covenant of the Lord God of heaven and earth. That is faith!

> The things mysterious
> That here vouchsafe to me their apparition
> Unto all eyes below are so concealed
> That all their being lies in faith alone,
> Whereon high hope proceeds to base herself,
> And so faith takes the place and rank of substance.
> And it behoveth us from our belief
> To draw conclusions without other sight;
> And hence faith takes the place of argument.
>
> —*Dante, Paradiso XXIV.*

Without faith it is impossible to please God: every man in every nation who fears God and works righteousness is acceptable to him. The faith in God that truth and righteousness are sure and steadfast; the faith that rests all hope in life and death on the single issue of truth and righteousness; and the faith that actually shapes and nerves the whole of life by the unseen things of truth and righteousness: this is true saving faith.

Not merely I shall grow so that I shall be able to understand vastly more of what God is and what he is doing; God also will be ever doing new things. He is forever active. He has purposes concerning me which he has not yet unfolded. Therefore each year grows more sacred with wondering expectation. Therefore I and the world may go forth from each old year into the new which follows it, certain that in that new year God will have for us some new treatment which will open some novel life.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Phases of Western Life

II.—Farm Life in Western Nebraska

By G. M. Whicher

It is ten years since the last great herd of cattle crossed the Union Pacific at Ogallala, Neb., on the annual drive from the Texan range to the mountain pastures of Wyoming and Montana. And with the vanishing of the wide-hatted, long-haired, nimble-fingered cowboy has departed the last touch of the picturesque which this region possessed. Railroads have crossed and recrossed the broad white trail, and along these arteries of modern civilization streams the prosaic life of the older East and of Europe. A host of settlers have divided among themselves the wide domain of the cattle-kings, and are building up communities under circumstances of unusual difficulty and amid surroundings peculiarly unattractive.

At certain seasons and in certain moods of the beholder the prairies have an undeniable charm; but under ordinary conditions no more depressing landscape can be imagined than confronts the intending citizen of western Nebraska. The broken lands near the Platte or the Republican River, and along the cañons between them, have a fierce ugliness that is refreshing when compared with the hopeless monotony of the rolling country. One who has not seen it can hardly appreciate the sameness of the hundreds of square miles that constitute the ten counties in the southwestern corner of the State. One gently rising slope succeeds another with bewildering similitude. All are bare of trees or rocks or other distinguishing feature that might render their height or distance appreciable. Occasionally a "blow-out," or outcropping of sand, shows through the sparse grass of some distant ridge, but as unindividual as the white-capped wave in mid-ocean. The chance traveler, without a clear track to follow, will be lost as surely as though he tried to cross the sea without a compass. Even some familiarity with a region will not insure one against wandering after dusk. Farmers have found themselves bewildered near their own claims; and it is related that a certain county surveyor, provided with his instruments, went astray within a few miles of the county seat. In the clear air of this high altitude the slopes loom up at a distance, especially when the mirage lends its illusion, until they seem like precipitous and lofty hills. One toils toward them only to find his outlook unchanged, and a few turnings or a minute of forgetfulness will make it hard to tell from which direction he has come. Between the slopes are trough-like "slews," or basins, which, to the stranger's surprise, are called ponds, from some tradition that there is water in them when there is a heavy rain—on the Greek calendar, perhaps. The grass grows higher and more rankly here; you can see slopes from the intervales, and intervales from the slopes; but otherwise there is little difference.

The influx of settlers in the last decade has done little or nothing to give a more inviting aspect to this region. One can now follow wheel-tracks or fire-guards where once he steered his course by the cattle-trail. The further side of the slope may reveal a bunch of picketed horses instead of a fleeting herd of antelopes. From some spot which, for no perceptible reason, offers a coign of vantage, you may count from three to six sod houses on the horizon. They may, indeed, serve to guide you on your journey, but will inevitably lessen your desire to pursue it further. The sod house springs from the bosom of the prairie, and may fairly be called its blossom of homeliness. When provided with a shingle roof and plastered inside, it lasts an indefinite time and makes a comfortable dwelling. But when partly below the level of the ground, or partly excavated from a side of a slope, with a brush and dirt roof, and the earth for flooring, it possesses only the merits of warmth and immediate availability. Inside there may be from one to three or four rooms; possibly a loft above. The arrangement of rooms and the character of the furniture will depend largely on the taste or judgment or nationality of its owner; still more on the amount of money he brought with him and the number of good crops he has had since he settled on his claim. At times consider-

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able ingenuity and thrift are displayed; but often the household goods are very few in number, and consist of the bare essentials brought from some distant Iowa or Illinois home.

In general, little effort is made to render the dwelling attractive from the outside, and that little is seldom crowned with success. Trees are sometimes planted along the roadside near the house or as a wind-break. But the scorching winds of summer and the sharp frosts of winter, together with the hard-baked soil and the scanty rain, make it a difficult task to grow trees. If the settler has a tree-claim near the homestead, or has built his house on such a claim, he may have the promise of a grove that in the course of time will make his home less uninviting. But usually the homeliness of the sod house is only accentuated by its dreary and often untidy surroundings. There are, of course, exceptions. If the settler has had money enough, he has erected a frame house; and by diligent and intelligent cultivation he can cause trees to grow.

Ordinarily, however, the farmer must give his whole attention to cultivating the staple crops, corn and wheat. Little else except potatoes is raised on these new farms. The owner of a half-section will set canned vegetables before you in summer if he can afford them. Small fruits require an expenditure of time and strength which few settlers can afford to give them. No doubt the soil is fertile enough for almost anything that can grow in the temperate zone. But with the ever-pressing demand for cash to stock his farm, to buy his machinery, and, most of all, to pay the interest on his inevitable mortgage, no one can afford, in a good season, to let anything distract his attention from the income-bringing crops. As a consequence, many a farmer's family will eat fruit only when California products are to be purchased at the nearest railway station. Salt meats, potatoes, and coffee are the indispensable articles of diet. Butter and eggs are, of course, to be had on nearly every farm, while flour and corn-meal are procured at the mills in exchange for grain. Probably the majority rarely diversify this diet. Yet here, as elsewhere in this age of railroads, the man of means may have whatever he chooses. The chief difference compared with other rural communities lies in the fact that the prairie household has little or no chance to procure for nothing the little luxuries which in the older sections appear on the farmer's table. There is no maple sugar, for instance; no berries worth speaking of grow on the prairie; no wild fruits, no nuts, no herbs. Pie has been made from sorrel (Oxalis) leaves, and a pickle from certain fleshy seed-pods; but neither one can be pronounced an unmitigated success. There is some game. Jack-rabbits, grouse, and wild geese are still plentiful; but the once common antelope has become so exceedingly rare that it may be said to be extinct in that region.

Even of the very elements which elsewhere are supposed to constitute the universe, two are conspicuous here by their absence. In other words, two of the most pressing problems that confront the settler are the questions of fuel and water. It is sometimes said that "every man on the plains has running water three hundred feet from his door." Unluckily, it always is found in the direction of the center of the earth. There is little surface-water at any distance from the few large rivers. The few springs are utilized to the full extent. There have been cases of towns attaining considerable size while the sole source of supply continued to be the water-cars hauled over the railroad. The county seat, Grant, possesses but one well to-day, the main supply being the water-works built by the railroad company. Farmers who can afford to do so have wells drilled and put up a wind-mill. Such wells are usually something less than three hundred feet deep, and may cost as much as six hundred dollars. Occasionally some one has the skill, time, and patience to dig a well, but naturally such cases are rare. It is still not uncommon for a man to be obliged to haul water for household use and for his stock, sometimes from a distance of seven or nine miles. It is estimated that he will be thus occupied about one-third of his working hours. When there is enough rain for the water to collect in pools, it is not surprising that it is used for any purpose as long as it will last. With the characteristic optimism of the West, it is asserted that water never becomes stagnant as it does in the East, and it is considered quite healthful enough for any use. This question of rainfall is one of the most important and perplexing in the discussion of this region. The land-agent, the signal-station officer, and the settler has each his irrefutable argument on the subject. One who has no fear of statistics before his eyes might say that there has been rain enough to produce three good crops in the last ten years. And that would seem a foolish exaggeration or a base slander according to one's point of view. It has been hoped, and therefore asserted, that cultivating the soil, and especially planting trees, would have the effect of increasing the rainfall. Such a view seemed to be countenanced by the National Government in its provision for the so-called tree-claims. It is only a chance coincidence, probably, that since the repeal of the law, about two years ago, the seasons have been very unsatisfactory, the drought of 1893 being unusually severe. On the one question of water-supply hang all the hopes of the farmer. His prosperity can be measured by half-inches on the rain-gauge just as truly as the riches of Egypt by the Nileometer. It is hardly surprising that, in his supreme desire for rain, he has come to believe in the possibility of producing it by human agency. In this, too, he has seemed to be encouraged by the National authorities. The Dyrenforth experiments were watched with the greatest interest by the farmers in western Nebraska, and their success is still a matter for debate. Since then a number of rain-makers have offered their services to a half-believing public, and their performances constitute a curious chapter in the history of the country.

The sole apparent benefit from the lack of rain (if it be admitted that there is a lack) is the superb condition of the roads. One may drive for many miles over tracks as smooth and hard as though macadamized, without pulling a rein or giving a thought to the road. Horses are still cheap, and distances count for very little. A farmer thinks nothing of a drive of fifteen miles to his market town, and still longer journeys are regularly made with as little concern as one-fourth the distance is traveled in older communities. This condition of things does much to overcome the disadvantages of the isolation so bitterly complained of in a recent magazine. The school, the preaching service, the grange, the lyceum, are practically as near, and are usually as well attended in proportion to population, as in the rural districts of Ohio or New York.

Next in importance to the question of water comes that of fuel. A coal-mine in western Nebraska would be better than a gold-mine for its fortunate possessor. Besides sage-brush roots, the ordinary prairie furnishes nothing that would elsewhere be considered fuel. In seasons of plenty corn is burned. A machine has been invented, it is said, which twists hay so that it can be burned in stoves; but it has not yet become widely known. Until the very coldest winter weather the thrifty housewife will manage to use corn-cobs and the odds and ends of rubbish that accumulate on even a prairie farm. But there comes a time when something more substantial must be procured. Taking a lesson from the pioneers who used "buffalo chips," many find some material in the barnyard. One who has ever felt the breath of the blizzard will only wonder how the most careful management will enable a household to survive the winter with the use of so few tons of coal. Most of the coal is now brought into western Nebraska from Colorado and Wyoming; the most common is a poor quality of soft coal which retails for about seven dollars. If, as is asserted, this same fuel is carried three hundred miles further and sold in Omaha for little more than four dollars, it can hardly occasion surprise that the average farmer is an anti-monopolist in politics. It takes a very broad view indeed to see the justice of such an arrangement, and a very rigid morality to condemn the resulting practice of "rustling coal" which it has brought into existence. Many a settler has found himself at the beginning of a severe winter without a cent of money, and with barely enough grain to feed his family and his stock. His farm may be mortgaged, and all credit refused him even

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when he is willing to pay a ruinous interest. Under such circumstances it is not strange that he declines to allow his family to freeze to death into the bargain. Cars are burst open (coal is carried in locked cars in such seasons) and their contents unceremoniously spilled on the ground. A more becoming method is to pose as a tramp and obtain the consent of the trainmen to ride to the next station. When the train is in motion it is easy to toss the coal from the car and leave it to be gathered by a confederate who follows in a wagon.

With all their hardships, however, the owners of these prairie farms are not so unhappy as such a sketch might indicate. The general spirit of hopefulness and energy does much to soften their deprivations. If once the mortgages can be paid off, the farms properly stocked, and the dwellings made attractive, it will be a region of comfortable and prosperous homes.

A Donkey-Trip in Wexford

By Adela E. Orpen

I wanted to go to Graigue-na-managh by the mountain road, and the question was, how to get there. Some one said, Why not drive thither in a donkey-trap? and I jumped at the idea. I have been on all sorts of trips, in all sorts of places, for all sorts of purposes. I even went on a driving-trip, many years ago, in order to fetch a load of timber, three days' journey across the prairie, for our unfinished house; but, though I drove one wagon and a pair of horses, it was not for pleasure that I went, and it was not until years afterwards that I entirely realized how very pleasant the trip had been.

Then, again, I have been on tricycle-tours in southern France, where I have pedaled along under a hot sun upon glaring roads until I fully realized two scientific facts: first, that the human body contains about 57 per cent. of water; and, second, that water at a high temperature becomes steam. This, as every one knows who has tried it, is bliss; and the weary cyclist, lying down at night, says: Come what may, I have been blest and have done my so many miles this day. Then, yet again, I have been upon walking-tours in Switzerland, and have, under the guise of enjoyment, amply blistered my feet and taken the skin completely off my nose, so that to stand became a misery and to laugh a new form of torture. All these forms of enjoyment have I tasted; but to drive a donkey for two or three days along an indifferent mountain road seemed to contain the germ of a perfectly new pleasure. I had never driven a donkey, and there are always endless possibilities attaching to the unknown. Personally, I knew nothing about donkeys, for in the horsy days of my girlhood I had never even seen one. There were no donkeys on the prairie where I lived, and the first time I saw one I distinguished myself.

It was on the slopes of Snowdon. I was about twelve years old. We had just climbed up to the shoulder whence the first splendid panorama bursts upon the eye of the delighted traveler. We all stood facing the superb view, at first in silence, then, as our thoughts grew upon the beauty that surfeited the eye, some one spoke, and said:

"Is it not glorious?"

"Yes, indeed, it is lovely," said I, with enthusiasm.

They smiled upon me.

"The child's soul is at last awakened," said they. "The glory of purple mountain, the splendor of cragged peak, have at length opened her eyes. She, too, sees, and she, too, admires even as we do." And they looked upon me with gratified approval.

"See its funny little tail," said I, with animation.

"Eh, what!" cried they, startled. "Whose tail?"

"Why, that dear, sweet little baby donkey. Isn't that what you were all admiring?"

They turned away and climbed up Snowdon, and spoke no more of the awakening of my soul.

Some donkeys have strongly marked characters. We had a farm donkey here once who had learned the meaning of the workmen's bell, and when it rang to stop work he would bray and start off straight for the yard, and if one tried to make him work overtime he would kick violently. He went on strike in donkey-fashion.

Now, the first thing in a donkey-trip is to get your donkey, and the next thing is to get your companion. I chose Elsie because I had known her for many years, and knew she was all that could be desired in a companion, and that she would sit silently painting in a peaceful and soothing manner. There is nothing more exasperating in a traveling companion than to be an incessant chatterer. We have often sketched together, and knew each other well.

"Elsie," said I, "will you come and be a tinker with me, and go for a donkey-tour?"

"Oh, won't I!" said Elsie, eagerly. "When shall we go, and where?"

"Next week," said I, "to Graigue-na-managh." I think that there is nothing more deceptive than the reputation of donkeys. When I hired the donkey of Cullen, the smith, the neighbors said: "Ah, he's a right ass. Faith, an' it's a grand beast intoirely."

And I in my heart rejoiced—until I saw him. There was a look of subdued melancholy about that "right ass" that inspired me with pity and with foreboding. He was long-eared, of course, and lop-sided, and his hinder hoofs curled up and were strangely long, as if he were a four-footed Brahmin who had done years of penance in the way of not cutting his nails.

"He is old, I fear," I remarked. "Aye," replied Cullen; "he isn't as young as he were, but he have a grand sperrit, so he have."

There was a great concourse to see us off, and it is wonderful how, when three or four people are gathered together to do anything, they can get in each other's way. There was Elsie's man, and my boy, and Cullen the smith, and my father, all harassing the donkey; and the children ran about like the very spirit of mischief, and carried away everything we did want, and handed us all the things we did not want, as is their nature to. It was quite exciting, especially when my father told us of all the donkey accidents he could conveniently recall at the moment, and warned us not to drive near the river for fear of the donkey shying into it. Then Elsie said she had bound herself by oath not to go within half a mile of the river's edge except upon her own feet.

We started. It was down hill, and the donkey galloped. His gallop and the hill stopped at exactly the same spot. I said I had misjudged the animal, and that he was a fine beast—"a right ass," in short. Elsie said she had much experience of donkeys, and what was necessary was to have a system and to keep strictly to it. Therefore we arranged thus: The donkey was to trot down all the hills and on the level, and we would walk up all the hills. Our system, like many another, broke down in the working. The donkey absolutely refused to trot again. Elsie whipped him until she said she was glad there were no cruelty-to-animals people about to see her. Elsie is the gentlest and most humane of mortals, but we both decided it was not cruelty to ask a donkey to trot *down* hill; we never even tried a trot on the level. We decided in vain, for the donkey decided otherwise, and, what's more, kept to his decision. For downright sticking to a point, once he's made up his mind to it, there is no living creature equal to an old donkey with a long coat of matted hair on his back. So we walked most of the way, and ate blackberries, and admired the splendid views we had all over the lowland country.

"Let's be real tinkers, and tie on our hats with handkerchiefs," said Elsie, for the wind it blew up strong from the lowland country, and swirled fiercely around us on the mountain road.

We did so, and fancied we had a right tinkerish air indeed. We said good-morning to the little children trotting to school, and they bobbed startled little curtsies at us and said, "Good-morning, miss."

"I suppose there is something wrong about us," said I. "They see we are ladies all the same;" and we were both dissatisfied, and declared we wanted to be thoroughgoing tinkers. Later in the day we met a long line of men

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following a funeral. They stared at us, and some of the younger ones laughed outright at us, which made us very wroth, and we said, "Can't they see we are ladies?" And we meditated upon how we could revenge ourselves upon those rude men. The revenge came afterwards, and it was sweet.

At Polmounty Bridge we sat down and rested. There were two reasons for this. We had to feed ourselves and the donkey, and we wanted to sketch the bridge because it is a notable place. At the first conquest of Ireland, in 1172, there was a great battle at this pass.

I asked the natives had they any knowledge or tradition of that fight at the pass of Polmounty. Not the slightest. That is always the case in Ireland. If you ask for the legend of a holy well, you will get it unabridged; but if you want to pick up secular legends, there is a perfect famine of them. There are only two characters in Irish popular history, Nero and Cromwell, and the one is as legendary as the other. How Nero got in it is hard to say. As for "Crommel," he is the master spirit that dominates the Irish mind. The legends about him are as curious as they are hopelessly inaccurate. Here is one, for example:

"That place beyont there is called Kiledmond. Now, I'll tell yez the story of how it got that name. Shure, Crommel was a-marchin' up the mountain here away out o' Carlow, a-goin' to Wexford to devastate it intoirely, when he got as fur as this, and so he looked, an' saw the sight was very foine, and that Carlow looked a deal better nor Wexford, and so sez he: 'Don't any mother's son av you look behind him, or I'll have him shot;' an' with that he goes forrerd. Well, there was Crommel's one son, an' he were Edmund by name, a-walkin' beside his father, an' whin he come to the pass, shure didn't he turn round to admire the prospeck, the way ye might yerself. 'Shoot him,' sez Crommel, without another word; an', begor, the soldiers of Crommel niver hesitated to shoot; they ups and they kills the lad on the spot. An' that's why it's called Kiledmund."

This amazing rigmarole of bad Irish and the story of Lot's wife was delivered with every sign of belief by an old man who prided himself much on his purely Irish proclivities; and yet he did not even know that "kil" in the language of his native land meant church, and had nothing whatever to say to the English word "kill." In some ways the conquest of Ireland has been painfully complete.

St. Mullins was our next stopping-place. It has for ages been emphatically the stopping-place of all the surrounding country. It is a graveyard, and the accumulated veneration of a score of centuries may be seen in its pagan tumulus and its Christian burial-ground. St. Moling was a rare old saint who had all his wits about him. He undertook to deliver the men of Leinster from the yearly tribute of cows which they paid to the King of Erinn in memory of some defeat in olden time. The tribute galled the men of Leinster. St. Moling said, Leave it to me, I'll set you free. So he waited upon the King of Erinn when he came for his tribute at the old fort beside the beautiful Barrow, and asked him if he would wait until *Monday* (*luan*) for the payment of the tribute, and the King swore before St. Moling that he would wait until *luan*. Then said the saint in triumph to the men of Leinster, "Take back your cow tribute, for you need never pay it again, for the King swore to wait till *luan*, and *luan*, as you know, means Monday and Doomsday, and, of course, I meant Doomsday." Accordingly so it came about, and the fame of St. Moling spread in the land. No wonder that both living and dead flock to his ancient dwelling-place in order to be under his most potent protection.

It was just before reaching St. Mullins that our donkey perpetrated the only joke of his existence. We were "mooching" along the road at the rate of two and a half miles an hour, the donkey in front, I verily believe walking in his sleep, he was so slow about it, and Elsie and I some distance behind, eating blackberries that grew large and luscious in the hedge. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, that donkey ran away. He turned sharp off the highroad down a lane and bolted. Elsie and I were struck dumb for one brief second, then we opened a duet of "Whoa, whoa! back, back!" in a very high key, and then we ran after him. He met some pigs in the lane and stopped, so we had a chance of getting up to him. The lane was just the width of the little carriage; thus we could not turn. Elsie hitched herself to the back of the trap, and I applied my force to the donkey's forehead, and between us we butted him out of that defile. I had no idea a donkey could be so heavy until I tried to move this one by main force. We got into the carriage for fear the beast would run permanently away; but our fears were misplaced; that mad charge down the lane was the first, last, and only flash of that "grand sperrit" which we had been promised on hiring the donkey.

It was late in the day, almost dusk, when we drove feebly and slowly down into Graigue-na-managh and pulled up at the entrance of the best hotel. Standing in the doorway was the proprietor, and we recognized in him one of the rude young men who had laughed at us near St. Mullins. We were now guests ordering rooms and our dinner; he was the landlord receiving our orders deferentially, hat in hand—we were revenged. So ended our first day. Distance, fifteen miles; time, nine hours. If there was cruelty to animals perpetrated upon that day, the donkey was certainly not the victim.

Graigue-na-managh is a lovely place, and the river is fertile in exquisite peeps, but what we most wanted to see were the ruins of Jerpoint Abbey, some nine miles away. "Elsie," said I next morning, "don't you think that donkey needs a day of complete rest after his exertions of yesterday?"

"Donkeys," said Elsie, beginning her second egg, "are in the habit of working hard; and I don't think fifteen miles without any load, and with three feeds of oats, is too much for him. No, I don't think he does need a day of rest."

"Then I need one," said I, firmly. "I don't think I have the stamina to drive a donkey during three consecutive days. We will hire a man and horse and be driven to Jerpoint."

The drive, unattended by exertion upon our part, was delightful, and after a sharp rattle of an hour and a half we were set down at Jerpoint Abbey. It is a beautiful ruin, with cloistered arches and lofty springing tower, and here and there scattered tombs and sculptured monuments. We admired it, but we were discreet and did not give vent to our admiration. It is not wise to do so in viewing Irish ruins, for if you do the guide keeps adding on age to each object. Thus, you may enter through a west doorway that is three hundred years old. You express admiration. Immediately the carving at the base of the bishop's seat becomes four hundred. The roof is fine. You say so, and discover it is five hundred. The tiles in the choir are distinctly quaint, and you call attention to them mutely with your umbrella, only to learn they are six hundred years old. The tomb in the chancel is seven hundred years old; and when at length you emerge and bestow an unexpectedly large tip, you are conjured to come round the other side and view the Norman tower, which is a thousand years old. I should say that, in the matter of age, ruins are about a shilling a hundred years in Ireland, and who can say that that is not dirt cheap?

After seeing and sketching Jerpoint Abbey to our hearts' content, we drove at a spanking pace back again to Graigue-na-managh, just in time to join a picnic party down the river. The Barrow is an ideal stream—clear, limpid water, wooded slopes, with here and there a sudden rocky cliff, and not infrequent holy places; a river to wander up and down in boats drawn by horses, and dreamily to meditate upon. There are no factories to foul its waters, and the few flour-mills that dot the bank are appropriately driven by slow-moving, moss-covered wheels, that go creaking and dripping round with an easy, lumbering gait, totally unsuggestive of all modern improvements. It is just the sort of river where you might any day run across a belated saint and be not in the least surprised.

"Elsie," said I, late that night, "I feel mightily refreshed by that river picnic. I shall be equal to encounter that donkey to-morrow."

"So shall I," said Elsie, with her voice trailing off into

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faintest articulation, "when I have had eight hours' sleep."

A large proportion of the population of Graigue-na-managh assembled to see us off next morning. The landlord himself held our vociferous donkey, and was full of small attentions. It was a grand idea, driving a donkey. He wondered more ladies did not do it and see the country perfectly, especially Graigue-na-managh, for "in them carriages there was no time to see anything with the whisking past—you had left a thing behind you before you had rightly got a sight of it." Thus did he do penance for having laughed at us at St. Mullins; and we granted him absolution and paid his bill.

We had to cross Scullogh Gap before getting home, so we made up our minds for a five-mile walk up hill. The donkey seemed to have some notion he was going home, and followed us pretty well. Sometimes we got impatient, and tried to "boost" the car from behind and shove him on a little faster, but that only made him stop and turn round to see what was the matter with the back part of his harness. We did not do it very often, therefore, but contented ourselves with hailing him to "come on," as if we were rehearsing Macbeth.

We had appointed four o'clock to be home, and a dozen or so of our friends had promised to be there to greet us on our arrival. The afternoon wore on apace.

"We shall never be home at four o'clock, unless we leave this donkey behind," said I.

"He seems to be getting slower and slower," said Elsie.

"I think he must be turning to stone," said I.

We took short cuts by lanes and fields, and at last came to a locked gate on the outskirts of the demesne.

"It will be dark night before we get back, if we have to go round by the road. Let's leave him here, and run home across the fields."

We did so. "Hurroo! hullabaloo! there they are," shouted our friends, rushing out to meet us. "Where's the donkey?"

"We left him behind so as not to be late," said we.

Some wretch said, "I told you so."

But we said he didn't know anything about it, and that donkey-trips were delightful, and that we had enjoyed ourselves immensely, and felt so well and strong from walking fifteen miles in the keen mountain air. And somebody said, "Walking? Why, have you *walked* all the way? What did the donkey do?"

And we said the donkey followed capitally, especially coming home, and that walking was a most pleasant and agreeable exercise, and that we were hungry and would have some tea, please.

And they all laughed exceedingly, and seemed to enjoy our donkey-trip almost as much as we had done.

The Spectator

The other day the Spectator boarded a Twenty-third Street car which was comfortably filled with passengers. The conductor, a man with the bearing and manner of a soldier and quite a military mustache, went back and forth with a smile and an apology to those he had to crowd in passing. When he collected the Spectator's fare, he said, in a low but cheery voice, "Thank you." The Spectator was surprised, for this was a new experience. He watched the conductor as other fares were gathered, and in every instance the passenger received the courteous words of thanks. Was it the influence of the day, the Spectator asked himself, that made the conductor so polite? Thus musing the Spectator rode to the end of his journey, and more than half concluded that it was but the good-fellowship which comes with the holidays that had moved the conductor to so act. A few days later, when there was a thaw and a drizzle, and all out-of-doors was miserable and uncomfortable, and when even amiable people were a trifle cross and impatient, the Spectator happened to get on the same car. The conductor was in the same cheery mood as before, and, if possible, his words of thanks were more emphatic than before. The Spectator was moved to ride to the end of the line, so that he might ask the conductor why he was so much better in his manners than any other conductor in town. But when the time came for the question the Spectator found himself unable to ask it. There was a quiet dignity about the conductor that showed that his manners were natural to him, and he thanked his passengers without any intention of doing anything remarkable or of attracting attention to himself, but as a matter of course. One cannot question a gentleman upon the cause of his gentility. Such a question would be an affront, and would imply that a humble occupation and a polished manner were incompatible. That such is not the case every observant man of experience knows full well; those who are not aware of the fact need only ride on the car of this particular conductor to be convinced that a real gentleman can pursue a lowly calling without parting with any of his personal dignity and courtesy.

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When the late Bishop of Kentucky, the Rt. Rev. Boswell Smith (who, when he died, was the presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States), first went to Kentucky, he was very much interested in studying the slaves he was brought in contact with. The people of his diocese, who had known negro slaves from childhood, were much amused at the new Bishop's enthusiastic study of a race of which previously he knew next to nothing. When he called at the house of one of the chief judges of the Kentucky courts, he asked for the family, and also for Diana—"Aunt Dinah," this elderly colored woman was called by the members of the family to which she belonged. The mistress of the household could not refrain from expressing her surprise that the Bishop should have called on a slave while visiting the mistress. But the Bishop's sincere reply, though it had in it the elements of further offense, was so genuine that the lady forgave him, and as long as she lived told the story to all who came within her circle. "I asked to see Diana," the Bishop explained, "because she has the most polished manners of any woman I ever met, and I thought I could learn something from her." The street-car conductor of gentle manners recalled the good Bishop and "Aunt Dinah" to the Spectator, who, whenever he thinks of that lovely old "mammy," pays also to Bishop Smith's memory a tribute for his appreciation of a kindliness, a gentleness, and a gracefulness that could not be hidden by a dusky skin. "Aunt Dinah" passed to the other world many years ago, but her influence lives to-day in the men and women of a large family, to a great extent trained by her, for all of them are noted for their graceful and distinguished manners and their contempt for all that is mean and caddish.

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The Spectator also recalls another colored person even more noted than good "Aunt Dinah." This was Carey Logan, for fifty years the messenger and collector of the Bank of Kentucky. Carey Logan was born a slave, and never learned either to read or to write. When he entered the service of the Bank, he was still a slave, but soon afterwards received his freedom from his master. Until within quite recent years there was no clearing-house in Louisville, and each bank collected the checks deposited with it by messengers. Carey Logan collected those of the Bank of Kentucky, and, though hundreds of millions of dollars passed through his hands, he never lost a penny. Two years ago he was retired on full pay, and his portrait was placed in the Bank parlor, along with the portraits of the past presidents and the other officers who had served the Bank with faithful zeal. When he died, the other day, the Directors passed resolutions in respect to his memory, and had these words spread upon the minutes of the corporation and inserted in the local papers. This was a humble life, but an honorable one, and surely its end is worthy of passing notice. The Spectator hears now and again, and especially in the Northeast, that the negro is incapable of civilization; that since the war the race is lapsing into barbarism and voudoo-worship. Such remarks are made by those unacquainted with the negro in his Southern environment, and with no knowledge of the negro in the time before the war. When the Spectator recalls "Aunt Dinah" and "Uncle Carey," and many others of the same type, he loses patience with the idle ignorance that would slander a race, not only without evidence, but in contradiction of evidence that might be easily obtained.

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The Home

Not Wholly a Shadow

This is the winter that will try our principles. And the trials come on at a new and, to most of us, untried point—our economies. Many of us know more about this word than we did a year ago. We have had theories on the subject for years; we shall now have the opportunity to test our theories; and, consciously or unconsciously, we are being tested.

If we practice economy at the cost of another person, we reveal that which perhaps we should never have discovered in ourselves. To dismiss a servant to save wages, and hold the reduced retinue responsible for the services for which we have decided not to pay wages, is the kind of economy that arouses scorn. True economy, which meets with the approval of conscience, is that which affects the wardrobe, table, furnishings, entertainments, or what are really the luxuries of life. For we all know that we waste money in these lines. We cater to appetite far beyond the line of even palatable nourishment; we decorate our bodies and our houses far beyond the point of necessities, which, thanks to the development of art, are things of beauty as well as of use. We entertain, too many of us, after the manner of the society columns of newspapers, not because we approve, but because it is the proper thing to do, because it is done where there is no limit to expenditure. It would be amusing, if it were not pathetic—the unnecessary demands we make on time, strength, and purse, and the real denial it seems to most of us that these false standards cannot, for the time being, be gratified. Is it not time that we learned true values? Will not the present winter, with its forced economies, prove a blessing in thousands of homes, by proving how little, after all, the happiness of the home or its social enjoyment depends on the acquirement of things, or the startling of guests? Some of us who were going astray may find the true foundation of happiness, which was being hidden under a rubble of petty wants and ambitions.

Agriculture as an Employment for Women

By Grace Huntington Churchill

In these days of financial uncertainty and change, when men are making and losing fortunes in a day, many women who have been brought up in luxury suddenly find themselves, with no other endowment than intelligence and courage, face to face with the difficult problem of how to make a living.

Among the many fields of work which have been opened to such women during the past few years agriculture stands out conspicuously. There have always been individual women who, having been left by father or husband with a farm on their hands, have carried on the work, and have carried it on successfully. Only recently, however, have women deliberately turned to farming as a vocation. It seems essentially a work for men—and one is bound to confess that men are a very important factor in any farm management—and yet it offers special attractions and advantages to women. They are enabled to have a delightful home life, absolute independence, a healthful occupation, and at the same time carry on a business which admits of almost unlimited extension and development, and which in many of its departments is particularly fitted for them. It gives scope for a variety of tastes, for any amount of executive ability, and for the exercise of all the feminine virtues as well.

There is a tradition in farming circles that no woman farmer has ever failed. For the exact truth of this I cannot vouch, but there are certainly many women who are to-day running large farms successfully; one reason for this success may be that no woman—except under unusual circumstances—would undertake the work without a marked taste for it and interest in it, and at least some general knowledge of its principles. It would be folly indeed to either buy or rent a farm without a definite idea of the branch of farming to be undertaken, and a careful consideration, based on practical calculation, of the outlay necessary to get the farm in running order.

Farming, in its most profitable form, is, in these days, a retail business, and must be carried on with the same careful attention to detail that any other retail business requires. A simple but exact system of bookkeeping must be practiced, and in every step that is taken the pros and cons must be well considered.

Almost every branch of farming is being pursued by women at present. They are managing cattle-ranches in Colorado, fruit-farms in California, stock-farms in Kentucky, and sheep-farms in Vermont. They run milk-routes, and breed hunters, without fear and without reproach. But the branches best suited to the average woman are small fruits, chickens, and dairying, and in the vicinity of a large city these are also the most profitable. There is an ever-increasing demand for fresh eggs, pure milk, and good butter, and these articles can always command a ready market and high prices.

Dairying and chicken-raising make a particularly good combination, as the skim milk is a valuable food for the chickens, and the same crops can be utilized for both. In a small way, on such a farm pork can be raised with little or no extra expense and a goodly showing of profit.

Truck-gardening is sometimes combined with dairying, but these two departments are very difficult to carry on well together, and I should advise any beginner not to attempt them both. They require different classes of labor, and a man who understands a garden can rarely be induced to take an interest in farm crops or the dairy, and, conversely, the dairyman cannot be inspired with enthusiasm for young lettuce or early peas.

Expensive luxuries, such as violets and mushrooms, are being cultivated quite extensively by women, and with good results; and they can be grown to special advantage in connection with a truck-garden. They are somewhat too uncertain in their yield to be made a sole dependence, but they make a delightful "side issue," and require very little extra capital to start. But for a woman who really needs to "make the farm pay," the production of a *necessity* rather than a luxury is advisable, for the demand is steadier, the prices fluctuate less, and the income can thus be more surely ascertained. These are all-important considerations in "hard times" like the present.

To my mind, no branch of farming holds forth such promise to a woman as dairying. The necessity for scrupulous cleanliness, careful attention to detail, and unceasing study, commend it eminently to the feminine capability.

A beginner should "make haste slowly," and act only after the best advice, for there is much to learn, and experience is a good but oftentimes a very expensive teacher.

Science has done so much for the modern dairy, both in making the work easy and the products superior, that no second-rate methods can be profitably practiced. This need not be discouraging, however, for exact methods are much more easily acquired than the old haphazard ways, and, once learned, are far more satisfactory because of their sure results.

Among the modern progressive farmers there is a delightful spirit of freemasonry, and to a novice a helping hand is always held out and practical advice most generously given. Never was this spirit more forcibly demonstrated than at the Dairy Building and the Cattle Barns at the World's Fair. A stranger without introduction or credentials was received and treated with marked kindness

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and courtesy; neither time nor pains were spared by the gentlemen in charge to explain every detail of the operations carried on, and to impart the most valuable information. A few hours spent there was an education in itself to any dairyman. In the agricultural reports of the State experiment stations and in the many papers published on the same subject will be found an invaluable fund of useful knowledge. That women are now recognized throughout this country as successful farmers is proved conclusively by the large number of able articles from their pens which are published in these papers. It is also interesting and significant that their names appear in the lists of membership of the Guernsey and Jersey Cattle Clubs. The meetings of one of these clubs often take place at a woman's farm—that of Mrs. S. P. Taber Willetts, of Long Island. Mrs. Willetts has one of the finest Guernsey herds in the East, and, although she employs a large number of men and has an expert foreman, she oversees and directs every detail of the work on her three-hundred-acre farm.

Another woman farmer and Jersey-breeder, Mrs. E. M. Jones, was called all the way from Canada to be one of the judges of butter at the World's Fair. Her book, "Dairying for Profit," is considered an authority on dairy matters. Such women as these, by proving the superior quality of their work and commanding the confidence and respect of their fellow-farmers, have made the way easy for all women who may follow in their footsteps.

One of the chief advantages in farming for women nowadays is that their work is judged as *work*—not as woman's work. They must be, not good women farmers, but good farmers, in order to succeed. Their fields must be as well cultivated, their herds as well cared for, and their products as fine as those of any of the men farmers with whom they compete. This cannot be attained in a day, nor in a year, and one must serve a long and sometimes painful apprenticeship before one can reach any degree of excellence in this as in any other profession.

To any woman who is considering the adoption of farming as an employment, I would say, Be sure that you have a predilection for it, for one will always work better in a congenial occupation; consider well your environment, personal strength, and chances of success, and, once having entered upon it, persevere in spite of all discouragements. There is no royal road to money-making for women; all the paths are beset with difficulties to be overcome and disappointments to be lived down. But, with good courage and a definite aim, success in agriculture has been and can be achieved by women.

Northbrook Farm, Greenwich, Conn.

The Art of Being Interesting

By Lucy Elliot Keeler

Ugliness, George Eliot tells us, consists not in plainness of feature or dullness of color, but in being uninteresting.

Whereupon a new vista seems opened before the plain, the old, the poor, the unfortunate. This good thing, the art of being interesting, may outlast beauty and youth and riches and strength: let us hasten to acquire it. Which way shall we turn? How is one to become interesting?

Timothy Cole, than whom no American artist has done more to familiarize us with the beautiful work of the old masters, tells in a recent "Century" how he arrived in Holland after months spent in the Italian galleries, with his mind imbued with the fair and heavenly images of classic art. As he walked through the great museum at Amsterdam, a strange sadness came over him, and he felt inclined to look upon the collection of small Dutch pictures as upon a dreary waste. How should he ever learn to love those *genre* subjects, with what appeared to him their gross materialism? He could have wept. He had descended from Parnassus, and was once more among the haunts of men.

"I resolved, however," he continues, "to plod on, in faith, doing my best with whatever came to hand. Nine months have passed since that day, and now I marvel greatly, as I pause before my favorites in the gallery, that I could have been so blind to their charming qualities. Every day I made a new discovery, until I began to count the masterpieces by the score. Now I see working in these earnest Dutchmen the same spirit of sincerity and love and reverence which actuated the Italians. These honest workers tell us in their pictures that all things are miracles, and that each part and tag of anything or of any one is a miracle; and so they paint the hair of a cow's back with the same reverence that Fra Angelico painted the flowers of paradise, and an old woman's face is as divine as that of an angel. How can there be too much fidelity and realism where nature is approached with humility and reverence?"

What is it that so charms us in Mr. Cole's relation? Is it not his resolve to understand, to sympathize, to do his best in interpreting the "miracles" he saw; and his success therein? The prescription is of universal efficacy. Persons and things jostle us on every side. Striving to understand them, to enter into their feelings and processes, and to interpret their best in our own acts and words—this is to be interesting.

The old button-maker who, to ornament his wares, cut grooves upon them, was an observer, and noticed that the closer the grooves the more iridescent the buttons. Following out the process on steel plates originated the wonderful "diffraction grating" which is now used in place of the glass prism upon all great telescopes, to break the ordinary ray of light into its primary colors. The Austrian baker in his cellar, seeing some marbles dancing with regularity on the top of his child's drum-head, reasoned that the Turks with their picks were undermining the walls of the city. Communicating his suspicions, investigations were made, countermines prepared, and the enemy put to flight. An invalid boy, spending his days watching the ants near his door-step, in later years unfolded a history of the little creatures which is almost human in its fascination; while the men and women who most influence our thoughts and sway our actions are those with deep knowledge of people. "Take up every man as you take up a leaf," Cholmondeley wrote to Thoreau, in letters which have recently been made public, "and look attentively at him; else you will molder away." To be interesting one must be interested, and interest comes by contact. Browning's Paracelsus failed because he sought a pedestal above his fellows. Too late he learned

> To see a good in evil, and a hope in
> Ill success; to sympathize, be proud
> Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim
> Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
> Their prejudice and fears and cares and doubts:
> Which all touch upon nobleness, despite
> Their error, all tend upwardly, though weak,
> Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
> But dream of him and guess where he may be,
> And do their best to climb and get to him.

It is this passion of the imperfect for the perfect which, as Matthew Arnold affirmed, is at the root of true interest; and so long as a person strives to see it, and to sympathize with it, and to attain unto it, that person is holding at arm's length the ugliness which we are assured consists in being uninteresting.

A True Story

She was a Russian Jewess, to whom a baby had just been born. The doctor found that the only provision in the way of clothing was an old shawl. Knowing where she could secure a baby outfit, the doctor hurried away and returned with one. When the baby was dressed, the doctor laid it beside the mother, who, looking up with eyes filled with grateful tears, said: "Some kind Jewish lady sent me these?"

"No," answered the doctor; "Christian ladies."

A look of intense surprise came into the mother's face.

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"Christian!" she murmured. "Christian! I did not know Christians could be kind."

From the Day's Mail

Dear Outlook:

I was much delighted to hear, a year or more since, the account given me by an eminent physician of his successful experiment on the East Side of town as landlord. He said his houses were arranged so that every room had light and air; there was running water in each suite of rooms; some were arranged in groups of four rooms, renting at $16 a month, and the single room at $7.50 a month. It was not intended to be philanthropical, only to prove that a well-built house, with hygiene attended to, and many more conveniences than in the usual tenement, could be made to pay a high percentage. Each tenant had a coal-bin locked, each a lift, and the privileges of the laundry, with tubs and hot and cold water, were open to each one. Two janitors, who were also sworn in as special policemen, were in charge, and the houses were kept in such order that the mothers could leave their children without fear of harm.

The enterprise was started at a dinner-party of rich men who were bemoaning the fall of interest from six to five per cent., and then this doctor suggested to them how they could have an investment still bringing in six per cent., and my recollection was that the income was so much more than that that they were able, after repairs, etc., to let money accumulate for the building of another such house, for the investors agreed that they would not take more than a certain percentage. It occurred to me then that this might be a way for women of independent means to invest a part of their funds. Does it make a difference how one's money is invested in its power of helpfulness? Would it be practicable for, say, a dozen people to club together and own such a house? It does seem as if such an enterprise is more in the line of women's work than men's, and that they would realize the necessity of keeping it in repair, etc. I wonder why women have not tried this? Is it because money is more easily found than character, and that such an enterprise depends solely on the caretaker, and they are not to be found? or is it difficult to find people able to co-operate? Perhaps, again, women have their property in the hands of some good business man or agent who might think such an investment a sentimental one.

M. D.

It is difficult to get people to co-operate. A wise, tactful caretaker is difficult to find, but can be found.

This winter is a proof of what it would mean to have many of these houses in New York. It would be much more feasible to reach just the people who need help most if the self-respecting poor were only gathered under roofs where greed was not the owner. It is discouraging to think of the vast sums expended in administering charities, supporting hospitals, maintaining orphan asylums and homes for the destitute, whose maintenance is largely made necessary because of the conditions under which the poor are housed.

What we need is the ounce of prevention. If the poor were properly housed, disease, crime, ignorance, and poverty itself would be lessened. Where there is sickness there is always loss of money. How much of the illness in tenement-houses can be traced directly to the unsanitary conditions! House people healthfully, and you have laid the surest foundation for self-respecting, self-supporting families. Give opportunities for cleanliness, and you have made healthful homes possible.

Mr. Theodore F. Seward sends us the following:

HYGIENIC COFFEE.—NUTRIMENT BETTER THAN STIMULANT

Buy three quarts of wheat bran, costing five cents. Pour in a cup of molasses and stir together thoroughly. Roast to a nice brown. Boil in a lace bag in a coffee-pot till the strength is well extracted. The result (with cream or milk and sugar) is a beverage which can hardly be distinguished from the best coffee, and is far better than the decoction which is often used by families claiming to be refined. It is highly nourishing, and the economy is not to be despised in these troublous times. (Altruistic editors please copy.)

The article "Hints About House-Heating" in your issue of December 9 is "mighty interestin' readin'" to one living in a climate where it occasionally gets a little chilly around the outside edges. Here we think a hot-air furnace is a pretty good thing to have in the family.

But why the stress upon keeping the water-pan filled? This is no new direction, but what is the *why* of it? Nothing is said of keeping the air moistened that sweeps up and around a red-hot stove! And we have been taught that the comparative freedom from pulmonary troubles enjoyed by people of the Western States was, in part at least, owing to the *dryness* of their atmosphere. If so, why should we saturate it by evaporating a pailful or two of water every day in the hot-air box of the furnace?

C. J. W.

Our Young Folks

Given a Chance

That it is more blessed to give than to receive has been told us since we were babies; so greatly has this blessedness been appreciated that we divide the world into two classes, the rich and the poor, or the givers and the receivers. That the poor could grow happier by giving even of the small portion that falls to their share has been a recent discovery.

A club of little girls between the ages of eight and twelve had for four years been under the guidance of several young ladies. Each Christmas these little girls had had a Christmas-tree, the fruit of which had been expensive dolls and other gifts.

The leaders had not been satisfied with this way of celebrating Christmas for two years, but they did not see a way clear to changing it. This year they decided to make a radical change, assigning the hard times as a reason. The babies among the poor know that this year there is less money to spend, even if they do not feel it through hunger and cold, even they do not see the anxious, worried looks of fathers and mothers.

The children of this club were asked one day, about six weeks ago, "Do you not know some little girls to whom you would like to give your Christmas presents?" There was, naturally, a period of surprised silence, and then one of the "teachers," as the little girls call their leaders, explained that Christmas meant a time of giving far more than a time of receiving, and that many little girls would have no Christmas this year, because their fathers had no work. They must know some such little girls. And if they knew them, they surely would be willing to share their Christmas with them. They had enjoyed their club twice each week for a long time; they would have their Christmas party, and now it remained for them to say whether Christmas should be made bright for some little girl who had not known any of the pleasures they knew, by giving these little girls the presents they had been receiving so many Christmases. One little girl said she knew one little girl who had nothing, and she would be willing to give her the Christmas present that would be her share this Christmas. When asked the little girl's name, she answered at once: "I would not like to give it unless I asked her mother if I may." Her answer proved her a lady.

Three little girls announced the ca didates for their Christmas gifts. As the club trooped out into the hall the bell rang, and a woman, thin and worn, stood at the door. In broken English she told that she was a widow from Roumania with three little girls, fourteen, twelve, and six years of age; she told the well-known story of effort to obtain work, and failure. The children listened to the story with sympathetic interest, and then one, in an audible whisper, said to those near her, "Three more." A chorus of nods showed that she was understood. Those three little girls of the widow's were candidates at once for three members' Christmas gifts. Names and addresses came in to the "teachers" until every club member had a candidate. There was the greatest anxiety as to the correctness of the names and addresses. When the candidates came, the teachers had no reason to suppose that any child there knew she had been selected to take the Christmas gift of a friend.

At last the day for the club to hold its Christmas festi-

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val came. The tree was bright with candles; a snow man made of cotton, with a high hat on his head, was a center of interest. A prize was to be given to those who knocked off his hat with cotton snowballs. A large nickel-in-the-slot machine gave boxes of candy when a checker was dropped in it. The mothers of the members were present, and each received a gift made by her little daughter. Games and songs in which the mothers joined made an afternoon of happiness. The members gave not the least sign that they remembered giving up anything for anybody.

At the meeting since the only comments made have been on how much some of their candidates enjoyed their Christmas. The members of this club were not present when their candidates were the guests of the teachers. The little candidates had their celebration without any audience.

How Hans Awoke

By Leigh Webster

The setting sun of a December day was shining on Mürren, five thousand feet up in the clouds of Switzerland. The radiant heights of the Jungfrau and all the dazzling range of snow-clad mountains across the valley glowed in the golden rays.

No signs of life appeared in the tiny hamlet. All were too busy indoors in that nest of wood-carvers for any one to think of coming forth to see the glory outside.

In the Von Almen chalet the silence was broken only by the clatter of the lace bobbins from the corner where the mother and eighteen-year-old Minna sat over their lace cushions. How Minna hated the long, cold winter, with nothing to do but make lace! No more could she go down to the valley in her Sunday costume and waken the envy of the other girls by the length and value of her silver chains—heirlooms in the family. No more did the world come to them. The hotels were boarded up, the gay summer crowd had flown southward long ago, and Mürren was given up to silence and monotony. She sat now with bent head counting over the weeks that must pass before spring should come again.

The sunset brilliance illuminated for the moment the dusky interior of the room, and brought into high relief the rafters rich with the smoke of years, the dresser of shining pewter, the stone hearth under its cavernous chimney.

Close by the western window was the father, bending with most absorbed attention over the dainty bit of edelweiss he was carving. His clear-cut features and his delicately formed hands showed an artistic spirit, which was lacking in his son Adolph, who, sitting near him, worked steadily, but with little interest. The Von Almens had been wood-carvers from father to son for many generations, and the present head of the family could not understand why his sons showed so little aptitude for it. Adolph, blue-eyed and heavy-featured, had been well trained, but he worked only when he could get nothing else to do. Let him hear that a chamois had been seen on the Steinberg, and he was off with his gun at a moment's notice. It was owing to him that often a chamois-skin hung outside their door in the season when every chalet becomes a shop to tempt the summer visitor. He was often employed as guide when the hotels were open. That was all very well, but his main interest ought to have been the wood-carving, and it was not.

As for fifteen-year-old Hans, he was hopeless. He would sit for hours with his knife in his hand, his dark eyes fixed in space, dreaming, dreaming. His hand was made for carving, and had he not at eight years of age produced without help a little brown bear, which was passed from house to house by his proud father, and pronounced a marvel? But his early enthusiasm for the art had gone. He was longing all the time for something beyond; for a chance to go out into the world and find a way of expression for the thoughts and fancies which filled his mind. Cutting napkin-rings and toy chalets out of wood had no longer any charms for him.

At this moment, when the rest of the family were striving to utilize the last possible ray of light, Hans, at the east window, was wrapped in contemplation of the mountains. To see the glow fade away from the last peak, leaving those high solitudes to the cold, majestic silence of the night, thrilled his soul. He could not work while that wonderful change was taking place.

The quiet in the room was broken by a knock at the door.

"Open, Hans," called his impatient father, "thou idle one!"

Hans struggled out of his reverie and opened the door, to find a neighbor standing on the step.

"I have been at Lauterbrunnen," he began, but could go no further because of the friendly cries from within to enter. A man who had been down the mountain in winter was a person of importance. He brought news of the world from which they were so cut off, and the questions which were heaped on Herr Nandl when he was seated before the fire were enough to bewilder a quicker intellect. But he had a mission to perform which he must first attend to. "Thy kinsman of the Staubbach charged me with this," he said, producing from an inner pocket something wrapped in a bit of newspaper. He slowly unrolled the crumpled covering and held out to Herr von Almen a letter. That was enough to still even Minna, for a letter, of course, foreboded serious things. The family gathered about the father while the messenger looked at the floor and waited to hear the news. He was certainly entitled to do that after bringing the letter.

Herr von Almen was very deliberate in his movements; he studied carefully the postmark, which was "Lucerne." He saw that the date was some days old, and then he opened the envelope and drew forth the inclosed half-sheet of paper. There were only a few words.

"God's will be done," he said, when he had finished, and he turned toward his wife. "Thy father is dead, and thy brother has sent for me."

The mother threw her apron over her face, and a wail of sorrow broke from her. The children were silent; their grandfather was but a name to them, and they had no tears for him.

The neighbor asked some questions which brought out the fact that the burial must have already taken place, but there was a bit of property to be divided, which would make it necessary for Herr von Almen to go to Lucerne. Then Herr Nandl withdrew, and soon every family in Mürren knew that the Frau von Almen's father was dead, and that she had come into some money.

It was many years since the Frau had seen her father, or the home of her childhood, but it never occurred to her to think of going now. The family discussed arrangements for the father's journey, which was a good deal of a circumstance. It seemed necessary that the start should be made the next morning. Already there had been much delay since the letter was sent, and there were many miles to be traversed.

A poor wood-carver could not afford to hire transportation more than was absolutely necessary, and Herr von Almen planned to walk to Thun, where he would find the railroad. Hans suddenly electrified them all by begging that he might go, too. Never had the dreamy lad shown such a desire for anything, and his mother abetted him. He was her best beloved. To him she had talked many times of her home in Lucerne, and she longed to have him see it. The knowledge that through *her* money was coming to the family gave her courage to insist. And so it was that the next morning, just as the sun was rising over the white Ebnefluh, Hans and his father started down the mountain-side, alpenstocks in their hands and knapsacks on their backs. Hans was full of excitement, yet it gave his heart a strange pang to see the Jungfrau disappearing as they descended into the valley. How long would it be before he should see again her glistening summit? By the time they reached Lauterbrunnen only the tip of the highest peak was visible. The slopes of the valley were still

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green, but he preferred bare, wind-swept Mürren and the grand reach of snow mountains.

They stopped for a few moments at the old Staubbach Inn kept by their kinsman, and then were off on their tramp down the valley to Interlaken. On one side rushed the foaming Lütschine, on the other were the overhanging rocks and dark pines of the mountain steep. Hans had never been as far as Interlaken in his life, and it was with real delight that two hours later he found himself in the streets of that town so beautifully situated between the lakes of Thun and Brienz. The long avenue of hotels and shops was quiet indeed at that time of the year, but Hans was satisfied, and when the glorious view of his beloved Jungfrau burst upon him he forgot everything else —even that he was hungry. His father at last took him by the arm and shook him to call him back to earth, and then he found that they were standing in front of a little café from which a savory smell of onions issued!

Their way after dinner wound along the right bank of Lake Thun, sometimes close by the shore, sometimes high up on the hills. Hans, though a Swiss boy, was well tired when finally the high tower of the old castle came in sight.

They slept at Thun that night, and in the early afternoon of the next day reached Lucerne, on the beautiful Lake of the Four Cantons. Hans thought of William Tell and other heroes of the olden days, but more than anything else he thought of the Lion of Lucerne. His mother had often told him of that grand memorial to the brave Swiss guard who in 1792 gave their lives in the vain effort to protect the unhappy Marie Antoinette from her angry people. His one great desire in coming to Lucerne had been to see that wonderful monument.

But first they must go to his uncle's house. He rejoiced when he found that it was in the direction of the old Weggis gate, for his mother's description had made so vivid an impression on his mind that he knew he could find his way from that point to the Lion.

He said not a word of his wish, but, after they had eaten, and the elders were plunged into business, he slipped out of the house. Without hesitation he turned his steps toward the Gletschergarten, and all at once he came upon the Lion. There, in the edge of the wood, loomed the great wall of sandstone, overhung by trees and vines. The only sound was the tinkling of water where the little streams fell from the height above into the pool at the foot of the rock.

In the dusky light the massive form took shape. It was as if the noble lion, emblem of the strength and courage and faithfulness of man, came to life before him. Hans trembled from head to foot in that weird solitude. He only saw dimly the agony in the face, but it seemed to him that he felt the cruel arrow in his own heart. His lips were twisted with pain, a sob rose in his throat. And this had been created by man! This was carving; the work he had so despised! A flood of light came into his mind. He could not have put it into words, but he realized suddenly that it is the thought which inspires work that makes the value of it. What matter whether one expressed himself in wood or stone, in music or painting?

Why, he had a means of expression! Let him once reach home, and no drudgery would be too great if he might only some day put what he saw in that lion's face into wood!

Herr von Almen could understand his son no better in Lucerne than he could at home. The next day, instead of wanting to see the town, with its quaint bridges, its ancient towers, its fine quay and hotels, Hans must needs spend all his time staring at the stone lion. On the journey home he was more abstracted than ever. What good had it done to show a boy like that something of the world!

Herr von Almen was the more inclined to grumble in that the number of francs he was carrying back with him was much smaller than he had hoped.

Hans had little to say about his trip, even to his mother, but the morning after their return he was up at earliest dawn. He stealthily crept down from the loft, and to his father's work-bench, where, seizing a smooth piece of wood and a pencil, he began eagerly drawing an outline. No one stirred in the house for some time, and when Herr von Almen appeared from the inner room, he rubbed his eyes vigorously to assure himself that he was awake, for there sat Hans so absorbed that he did not even hear his father's step. No one was allowed to see what he was doing, and after breakfast he retired into the loft, where, unmindful of the cold, he labored all day. Regardless of the jokes of Adolph, he guarded his solitude until the lion was finished. He had put his whole soul into the work, and when at last he brought it to his father he was trembling with excitement. Herr von Almen looked at it in silence for a moment, then his face kindled, and, striking Hans on the shoulder, he cried:

"Thou canst be what thou wilt!"

There were, indeed weak strokes and bad curves in some parts of the figure, but the expression in the face was beyond anything of the kind ever done in Mürren. To the elder carver there was great promise in it for the future. To realize that promise meant much hard work; but now that Hans had an ideal towards which to strive, his nature seemed to change. No more hours were lost in idle dreaming. By the time summer came again the little chalet was a veritable den of lions. And they sold, one and all. Hans von Almen's lions became the fashion of the season, and when the tourist tide had passed by, enough orders were left behind to keep him busy far into the winter.

The father and Adolph became his assistants. They could do a great deal to help him, but never did either of them touch the face. Hans could not hurry on that. Each time that he carved it, it seemed more real and more human-like.

As long as he lives, Herr von Almen will bless the day on which he took his idle Hans to see the Lion of Lucerne.

Sunday Afternoon

The Gift of Life[1]

By Lyman Abbott

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.—Matthew vii., 7, 8.

Last Sunday morning I spoke to you respecting character or life, and said to you that it is important to think right, more important to feel right, still more important to do right, but to be right is most important of all. I said to you that right thinking is of very little value except as thinking becomes a conviction—that is, a part of character; and right feeling is of very little value except as it becomes a motive power—that is, a part of character; and right doing is of very little value except as it is the spontaneous expression of character. Therefore character includes all. As I went out of the church, a member of my congregation said to me, "I wish you would follow that sermon some time with one telling us how we are to become right." It is in answer to that suggestion that I am going to speak to you this morning.

I have selected this text because it is Christ's answer to this question. The Sermon on the Mount is not a series of disconnected aphorisms, either brought together by Christ himself or uttered at various times and places and then brought together by Matthew. It is a connected, harmonious discourse. Christ begins by saying: The condition of blessedness is character: blessed are the poor in spirit; blessed are the meek; blessed are the pure in heart; blessed are the peacemakers; blessed are those whose character is in these respects right; and each characteristic has its own distinctive blessing. Then he goes on to say that this blessedness belongs not to conduct, but to character: it is not enough that a man does not murder his brother, he must love him; it is not enough that he

[1] Preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, December 10, 1893. Reported stenographically for The Outlook by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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does not commit adultery, he must be pure; it is not enough that he does not swear, he must be single-minded, if he would have this blessing. And then he goes on further to say that this character must be intrinsic; the things that he does must spring spontaneously out of this character: if he gives alms to be applauded of men, he shall have his reward, but it will not be the reward of a benevolent character; if he prays that he may be seen of men, he shall have his reward, but it will not be the reward of a humble, devout, prayerful spirit; if he would have character which brings with it these blessings, the character must be one of single-hearted service of God; he must be single-minded, not double-minded. And then, having said these simple things—that blessedness lies not in conduct but in character, not in doing certain things but in possessing a certain life—he goes on to tell how this character is to be obtained: ask, and you shall receive; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for if you, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your Father which is in heaven give the spirit of holiness to his children!

Life, then, Christ treats as a gift. And that is the first thought I want to put before you. No man can manufacture his own character. He may set himself to right thinking, or to right doing, and in some small measure even to right feeling, and in the feeling and the thinking and the doing there may come a building up of character, but no man can say, Go to, I will be righteous; he may say, I will speak the truth; but he cannot say, I will be so truthful that it will be impossible for me to lie. He may say, I will give money, but he cannot say, I will be so possessed of love that the greatest joy of my life will be in giving money. He cannot create life by an act of the will. Life is a gift, always a gift. The soil cannot say, I will put forth a rose; the cutting must be planted in the soil or there will be no rose. I believe it is now pretty well settled in scientific circles that the non-living never produces life. Life alone produces life. If a man is dead in trespasses and sins, he cannot make himself live. Lazarus cannot say to himself, Lazarus, arise; the Christ standing without must say it. We are familiar with this fact. All education is based on this principle that life is a gift. We talk sometimes of the self-educated man. There is no self-educated man. Every man is educated by influences that were beyond him and without him. The city arab, who learns to spell by the signs, gets his spelling from something outside himself. This marvelous pattern that we are weaving is the interchange of threads of each other's life; I am getting something from you, you are getting something from me. You come here to Plymouth Church on Sunday morning, for what? That the minister may give you some life; and I get my life from you in turn. What makes a good teacher? That he is a life-giver. Our colleges often make a mistake; they look around for a great scholar to put in the professor's chair; but it is not the great scholar that makes the great teacher; he must have knowledge, but he must have something more than that, he must have life and power to give life; and the college boys are better judges of professors than boards of trustees are. The layman proposes that his minister rest on Monday by making pastoral calls. He poured out his life all day Sunday; let him get his rest by pouring out his life all day Monday. Preaching is life-giving, or it is nothing; and pastoral visiting is life-giving. If he does not take life with him when he visits, his pastoral visiting is of no use; if he does not give life when he preaches, his preaching is of no use; preaching and pastoral visiting are both the giving out of life. This is the great and blessed function of the mother, who takes this little child, this little nothing, and pours her own life into this little babe, until by her beatific gifts the babe grows to that which is the grandest creature that God ever made. The mother is a life-giver, and because she is a life-giver there is no reverence, no affection, no honor, too great to give to her.

Now, the teaching of the Bible is that this life-giving is distinctively God's work. God is giving his life to the world. And all mother-love and father-love and child-love and wife-love, all life-giving by one man to another, is a part of God's life-giving. He is pouring himself out into human souls. We are the babes nearest nothing, and God holds us in his arms, and God pours into our empty hearts his love and his life, and God gives himself to us, and God makes us like himself. Life is a gift. And this is the meaning of that much-misunderstood declaration in the Bible about the blood of Jesus Christ—"the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." The blood is the secret of life. And it is the life of God coursing in our veins that purifies and cleanses and redeems and transforms us. This is the meaning of the doctrine of "justification by faith." It is not that if you believe something that the Church has said to be true, then God will let you off from punishment by and by. It is this: You have an impoverished life, you are weak at the very roots of your being; now open your soul and take God in—he will fill your life with his own life. God stands outside: open the door and let him in. Opening the door and letting God in is faith. This is the meaning of that frequent phrase in the New Testament, "grace"—that is, "free gift." Life can be nothing but a free gift. You cannot pay God for life, you cannot pay any one for life. Is there any way in which a child, when he is twenty-one years of age and has come into a competence by his labor, can pay so many hundred dollars, or so many thousand dollars, to his mother and say, Accounts are squared: I have paid you? Can that be done? Do you suppose that the congregation pay the minister for the life he gives them? and the man that sits in a three-hundred-dollar pew gets three hundred dollars' worth of life, and the man that pays twenty-five dollars gets twenty-five dollars' worth of life? Is life something that is done up in parcels and handed out over the counter, so much to the square inch, so much to the quart measure? No! no! The church says to the minister, If you will give yourself to the work of life-giving, we will see that you have food and shelter and raiment. Then the minister gives a free gift—if he has it. Life-giving is always free, and never can be anything but free, and the doctrine of justification by faith is just this: that if a man wants life he can just go to God and ask for it.

Well, then, you say, there is nothing for us to do; we are to sit still, and we are to open the door, and let God pour himself in. No, that does not follow. If, on the one hand, life is a free gift, on the other hand, life never can be given to a being who is passive. It is only as one uses the life he already possesses that, in the nature of the case, he can get any more. If you can imagine that little babe conscious and reasoning, with as much intelligence as, and no more than, a great many grown people use in reasoning on the subject of religion, he might say this: I am not content simply to breathe and suckle; I want to run, to play, to read, to work; if I cannot do these things, I will not do anything; so he stops suckling, and stops breathing. What happens? He cannot go on to the larger life except by using the life he already possesses. It is impossible to receive life except as we live. That is the great fundamental law. On the one hand, life is a gift; on the other hand, no man can receive life except as he uses the life which he possesses.

Christ never gave something for nothing. We are all the time falling into the mistake of endeavoring to do that, and it is always a mistake. We can never do it without harm either in the spiritual realm or the material realm. When Christ saw the poor cripple lying at the pool of Bethesda, he did not say to him, Now you are healed. He said, Arise, take up thy bed and walk; and it was in trying to arise that the man was healed. When he met the blind man and anointed his eyes with clay, he said, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam; and it was in the going that he saw. When he saw the man with the withered arm in the synagogue, he said, Stretch forth thy arm; and it was as he stretched it out that it became whole. The gift of God is given as one endeavors to take it, and it can be taken only in such endeavor. Life is a gift, but life is not a gift to be taken passively; it is to be taken actively.

I want to put, then, these two simple truths before you in answer to the question of my friend: First, that you are to recognize that God is in his world brooding on the hearts

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of men, and has entered into life in order that he may give life to us. That is the meaning of that word atonement. God is not up there in the clouds away from us, and man down here on earth away from him, but God has come down into life that he may be at one with man; and when man sees him down here upon the earth and runs up to him and says, Yes, I want that life, I want that character, then in wish and in desire he is at one with God, and the at-one-ment has been made. It is made by the blood of Christ, because it is made when the life of Christ that is the life of God is poured into the veins and heart of man, and never made otherwise. And this is the meaning of regeneration. No man really lives until this divine life has been brooded in him, and only in the measure in which this divine life is brooded in him. And this is true, on the other hand: that no man can get this life except as he desires it, reaches out for it, and endeavors to obtain it. Here are two boys at college. One is a rich man's son; he has been sent there to school by his father; he has no business cares or anxieties; his problem is not how he shall get money to get an education, but how he can spend all the money he has. And he picks out a "soft" course, and studies just enough to get through college without going out of the same door he went in at. Right by his side is a poor boy who has to make his own way through school and his own way through college; he blackens shoes, drives an ice-cart, tends furnaces, waits at table, does anything, for he is determined he shall have an education. And he works by day and night, and perhaps he undermines his physical condition and injures himself, because he works under such disadvantage; but he has an eagerness, a resolute purpose. Which of those two boys comes out of college with the better education? We all know. The college cannot give except to the hungry scholar. Here are two men in the church. One of them is self-satisfied, self-contented; life has gone easily and smoothly with him; he has never committed any great crime, he has never committed any great sin as men count sins; he has always been at church, he has always paid his dues, and he thinks himself all right. He is a Pharisee. And the minister shoots at him, but never wounds him. There is no joint in his armor of self-conceit. And out there in a corner sits another, a poor man who has drifted in the church that one Sunday morning; he has committed some great crime, or he has lived some life of sin, or he has gone down the pathway from the higher plane to the lower; Woe is me, is the cry of his soul; and he hears some word of hope, some word of inspiration, and it finds him, and he takes new heart again. I would rather preach to the publican than to the Pharisee!

There are some of you who have been brought up in Christian homes and in Christian faith; you believe in God; you believe the human race is a great family; you believe that God is the All-Father; it is easy for you to find your way to him; your mother has taken you up that mysterious stair of prayer, your father has taken you up, your minister has taken you up, you know the way. Blessed is he who has been so educated, and whose temper is such, and who can have life for the asking—but even he must ask. There must be at least the bud of desire or there can be no blossom of promise and no fruit of fulfillment. And there are some of you to whom life is a great enigma; you do not know where you came from, nor what your fellow-men about you are, nor where you and they are going. You are not sure that the Bible is inspired or Christ divine; you are not sure whether there is any God above you; life is a great enigma. My friends, you can seek in this enigma for the one thing that is worth seeking—for that is life, that is character. If you are going to die next week, and your body is going back to the ashes, and there is no spirit to return to God that gives it—if that is to be the end of you, if you are to be snuffed out like a candle when the time has come, still the one thing worth while is to live a pure, righteous, noble life, and to be a pure, good, true man. And if your life is an enigma, and all dark before, and all dark behind, and all dark above, still, if you seek for character, which is the only thing worth seeking for, you will find it. And perhaps there are some of you in the wilderness; some sin has shut up all the treasures of life against you; or some great grief has come upon you, and all life is barren and bare before you; and the sky is burning above, and the sands are burning beneath, and the rocks are arid all about. You can at least do your duty day by day. It is the one thing worth doing, whether you are in the land of promise or in the desert wilderness. And to the man that does his duty the promise comes also; he cannot ask, for he does not know the Father; he cannot even seek, for life is not even an enigma to him; but he can knock at the very door of hope by practical service. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation." You can do your duty with the simple recognition that doing things is not enough, though it is the path to character and to life.

I want to invite another minister into my pulpit to preach this sermon to you. Three or four years ago I fell upon a little book entitled "The Spiritual Development of St. Paul," by Dr. Matheson, of Edinburgh. It appealed to me so strongly that last summer, when I went to Scotland, I wrote to him, and asked if I might call upon him, and he replied with a very cordial letter inviting me; and then I found that he was blind, living with a sister, whose sisterly devotion was beautiful to see; and his own luminousness of face, and cheerfulness of character, and merriment in that darkness were beautiful to see. A week later I met with another Scotch minister, who was kind enough to acknowledge some service which he had derived from my writings, who gave me a volume of Dr. Matheson's poems, and this Dr. Matheson, the blind preacher and poet of Edinburgh, I ask into this pulpit to preach this sermon to you:

Three doors there are in the temple
  Where men go up to pray,
And they that wait at the outer gate
  May enter by either way.

There are some that pray by asking;
  They lie on the Master's breast,
And, shunning the strife of the lower life,
  They utter their cry for rest.

There are some that pray by seeking;
  They doubt where their reason fails,
But their mind's despair is the ancient prayer
  To touch the print of the nails.

There are some that pray by knocking;
  They put their strength to the wheel,
For they have not time for thoughts sublime—
  They can only act what they feel.

Father, give each his answer—
  Each in his kindred way;
Adapt Thy light to his form of night,
  And grant him his needed day.

Give to the yearning spirits,
  That only Thy rest desire,
The power to bask in the peace they ask,
  And feel the warmth of Thy fire.

Give to the soul that seeketh,
  'Mid cloud and doubt and storm,
The glad surprise of the straining eyes
  To see on the waves Thy form.

Give to the heart that knocketh
  At the doors of earthly care
The strength to tread in the pathway spread
  By the flowers Thou hast planted there.

Then in the common temple
  There shall worship hand in hand
The lives that man's heart would hold apart
  As unfit to dwell in one land.

For the middle wall shall be broken,
  And the light expand its ray
When the burdened of brain and the soother of pain
  Shall be ranked with the men that pray.

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The Fruit of Sin[1]

By Lyman Abbott

At the Metropolitan Museum in New York City among the statuary is a very striking group, illustrating the first death. Eve is holding the lifeless body of her manly son; his head falls back upon her lap, his face is the face of death, while into it she gazes with commingled expression of grief, terror, and perplexity. She knows not what this fulfillment of the prophecies of sleep means; the terror is the more awful from the mystery and perplexity which accompany it.

Consider the awful significance of this event. The Bible contains no more tragic illustration of that law which itself has declared: "When lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." The woman had seen that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes—a tree to be desired to make one wise. Her desires had said to her, Take of it. God's word had said to her, Ye shall not eat of it. And the voice of desire within her had overcome God's word. She had followed her desire; she had broken God's law. Her desire had conceived and brought forth sin, the sin of deliberate disobedience of God's law. And now, in less than a generation, that sin had wrought its work, and the end lay before her in the corpse of her murdered son, while her first-born with insolence was replying to God's questioning, "I know not; am I my brother's keeper?" The sin of a seemingly petty disobedience had brought forth its fruit in a spirit of utter lawlessness in the child; and the spirit of lawlessness had issued in a contempt for even the outward form of respect for God, and in envy of a more righteous brother, and in hate and murder and in desolated parents. One son in the grave; one a fugitive; the home empty; the world a wilderness—all in thirty years. O sin! what hast thou done? what art thou ever doing?

Let us for a moment turn from the story to its application; from the microcosm to the history in human life which it represents.

Lust is in the Bible the equivalent, not of the mere baser animal appetites and passions, but of the whole lower nature and all its desires. These are not wicked; but their domain and supremacy is wicked. It is not wrong to behold what is good for food and a delight to the eyes. The sensuous is not sinful. But when the desires that are born of sense come in conflict with the higher and spiritual nature, with the law of God interpreted by his written word or by conscience within us, then begins the battle on which every soul sooner or later enters; the battle which Paul describes in the seventh chapter of Romans, between the I and the sin that dwelleth in me. When God is put aside for what is good for food and a delight to the eyes, then the voice of the animal triumphs over the voice of conscience and the voice of God, then lust has conceived and brought forth sin. This is the history of every fall, repeated in every life, and, alas! a thousand times repeated. Sin thus begun begets sin. The ancient fable of Pandora's box is not all a fable. Curiosity triumphs over law; and the moment law is broken, a brood of sins and sorrows issues forth. This is the awful fact—not suffering entailed by sin, but sin entailing itself; sin ever repeating and duplicating itself; sin growing ever more sinful; sin developing from a petty disobedience to a lawless life; from a lawless life to hypocrisy and lying worship; from hypocrisy and lying worship to envy, hate, and all uncharitableness; from uncharitableness to open violence and dark deeds of high-handed crime. Then at last he who began by separating himself from God finds himself separated from all his fellow-men. He becomes a fugitive, every man's hand against him, his hand against every man's; the very bond of brotherhood broken up, and the anarchy of selfishness and malice usurping the throne and the scepter of love. This is already hell: God denied, forgotten, thrust into oblivion; his judgments met with falsehood and with insolence; hate in the heart; isolation in the life; passion and murderous self-will enthroned; the spiritual in man dead, the bestial and brutal victorious. The very earth cries out at length against sin when it has reached this consummation—the patient earth; it refuses to the lawlessness of greed and passion the gifts it gladly gives to the obedience of love. Burning cities, devastated harvest-fields, rivers of water turned as by Aaron's rod to rivers of blood; passion, under the supremacy of unregulated ambition, working out in war, and famine following war, and pestilence following famine—what is this but the black page of the history of the ages condensed into one short sentence?—the history of sin.

Whoever yields in the slightest particular and in the most trivial incident and instance to the spirit of disobedience enters on this Niagara rapid which flows with fast and faster current to the fatal plunge. No man is so strong that he can say, I can venture and not fear; no man so shielded that he can say, I shall never be ambuscaded. Sin crouches down at every man's door. He dogs man's footsteps, awaiting opportunity to spring upon him unawares.[1] He desires his victim with ravenous desire, hungers for him as a wild beast for his prey. There is no spot free from sin's presence. Like Death in Holbein's famous picture, he is ubiquitous. In the market-place sin stands beside the trader, and where all commodities flow together. Sin whispers his suggestions of greed into the ears of trade, and breathes into its heart the spirit of covetousness and rapacity, and perverts what should be the glad interchange of God's good gifts according to human need into a gambling strife for possession of them all. Suppose the trees should refuse to give their oxygen to man who needs it, and make a "corner" in the supply! Sin comes into the court-room, corrupts lawyer, witness, judge, jury, and turns the administration of divine justice into chicanery and plot, and this symbol of God's judgment-throne into a devil's travesty and satire upon it. Sin enters the halls of legislation, which should be as Mount Sinai, whence came the first laws, and from which Moses descended with shining face. Not thus glorious is our modern Sinai, not a mount far above the lewd rites and animal worship of the plain, but rather a place where sin has set up the golden calf, and bid its lawmakers see in it the god to be adored, obeyed, and followed. Sin creeps into the home, sets husband and wife against each other, embitters each life, and leaves children worse than orphans—doubly bereft because from them love is taken, and bitterness and strife are given in exchange. For death only leaves a vacuum, and goes its way; sin makes a vacuum, and fills it with an evil spirit. Sin enters the church, turns worship into a false pretense, and makes men worst of all liars in the one place where lying is the greatest blasphemy, and promises the least of even transient return. In the monk's cell, in the crowded thoroughfare, in the battle-field where death mows his broadest swath, and in the church where the voice of God should be heard by the awestricken soul, sin lies in wait. Beware, O my soul, how thou yieldest to the first evil impulse! For if thou doest not well, sin lies crouching at thy door, ready to spring upon thee; sin, which hungers for thee as for a prey; sin, over which thou shouldest rule; sin, which ever flees away when a brave spirit in man confronts it, but which, if thou dost in any particular yield to it, will first have dominion over thee, and then devour thee.

QUESTIONS:

What passage in the New Testament throws any light on this narrative? Did sacrifices as a method of worship originate with Moses? Why was Cain's offering not acceptable? Why should the rejecting of the offering make him angry with his brother? What two interpretations are given to verse 7, and which do you prefer? In what sense am I my brother's keeper?

Poverty is not disreputable, but Ignorance is.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for January 21, 1894.—Gen. iv., 3-13. Reprinted from The Christian Union of January 7, 1887.

[1] This seems to be the best interpretation of the enigmatical passage, "Sin lieth at the door; and unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt [or shouldest] rule over him."

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The Religious World

The McGilvary Case

We have received from Professor Lewis B. Paton a letter in reply to the recent letter of Dr. F. F. Ellinwood published in the New York "Evangelist" respecting the Rev. Mr. McGilvary, whose retirement from the Presbyterian mission in China because he holds to the opinion that Moses did not write the Pentateuch we have already reported to our readers. In Dr. Ellinwood's letter he intimates that there are some other heresies in the case; but this intimation is so wholly vague that we did not think it worth while even to refer to it. Concerning this intimation, reported by Dr. Ellinwood as coming from a missionary in the same field with Mr. McGilvary, Professor Paton writes as follows:

In his letter Dr. Ellinwood publishes an insinuation in regard to Mr. McGilvary's orthodoxy which is likely to prove most damaging to his reputation. I should have been disposed to let this pass unnoticed if I had not received a number of communications from the family and the friends of Mr. McGilvary, full of indignant protest against the blot which had been put upon his good name, and calling upon me for his sake to make some reply. Mr. McGilvary is on the opposite side of the globe and cannot answer for himself, and it is simple justice to him that he should be cleared of a charge which, if allowed to circulate unchallenged, may ruin all his future usefulness. The publication of Mr. Collins's insinuation in regard to Mr. McGilvary's doctrinal position is unworthy of the Secretaries. "He has found Mr. McGilvary's theological views so much more widely at variance with the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church than he had supposed (and on graver questions than that of inerrancy)." This statement opens the way for the wildest speculation in regard to Mr. McGilvary's heresies, and yet the Secretaries know that Mr. McGilvary laid bare his inmost feeling in his letter of resignation to the Board. In that resignation he painted his own case in the blackest colors, and held back nothing which might be counted as a charge against him or a reason why the Board should accept his resignation. If he has erred in any respect in this whole matter, it has been on the side of over-sensitiveness. In his anxiety to tell everything which might be interpreted unfavorably to himself, he has given just such a one-side picture as an enemy might draw. As one of the Secretaries wrote me shortly after the resignation was received, "I wish very much, instead of hastening at once to tender his resignation, and in such decided, although thoroughly Christian, terms as greatly to embarrass the Board, he had written some of us on the subject in advance." Mr. McGilvary's letter of resignation tells all that is to be told about his theological position, and tells it in the strongest possible way. . . . If Mr. Collins has specified what these "graver questions" are, then let us hear what he says and see whether it is true or not. Mr. McGilvary assures me that he has not changed his views since he was ordained by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, and that he has laid bare his heart to the Board. If Mr. Collins has not specified, then let the Secretaries explain what they mean by publishing insinuations of this sort which are likely to ruin Mr. McGilvary's reputation; and let them tell us how they make this square with the assertion that "the action of the Board was based on other than theological grounds."

We have only to add that, in forming an opinion on this case, the public will disregard, and ought to disregard, such vague and really meaningless charges as that involved in the suspicions of Mr. Collins, and given to the public through Dr. Ellinwood without investigation, and will consider the simple question whether the opinion that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses—an opinion entertained by a majority, probably an overwhelming majority, of Hebrew scholars—ought to disqualify a Christian minister, otherwise proved competent for his work, from preaching the Gospel of Christ to the Chinese.

The Churches and the Prevailing Destitution

It ought to be long before anything more is heard concerning the "other-worldliness" of our Christian churches. In all the cities of the Union in which the destitution is great the Christian churches are leading in its relief. Both in Chicago and New York, and we believe also in San Francisco, the question has been seriously raised of opening the doors of the churches as lodging-houses, or at least recognizing the responsibility of the Church to provide lodgings for the poor. Two Christian ministers in San Francisco are leaders in the relief organization in that city. In Chicago the churches are at the front; in New York it is the same. We do not mean that in the various cities the great and rich churches are talking of opening their doors as lodging-houses for tramps, or that as yet they have made any great sacrifices for the poor; but why should the Presbyterian Church in New York be judged by Fifth Avenue rather than what it is doing on the East Side?—by the Fifth Avenue Church rather than the De Witt Memorial Chapel? The Rev. John B. Devins, of Hope Chapel, is a loyal and even conservative Presbyterian, and no man is working more heroically than he. But we do not care to try to distribute commendation in such a time as this. The fact is that Christians, agnostics, and infidels alike recognize the common human bond and respond, albeit somewhat late, to the call of brotherhood. The Methodists of New York have organized for the relief of such as are directly connected with Methodist churches, and treasurers of a special fund have been appointed in various parts of the city. In order to do this work a central relief committee of seven, with power to add to its number, has been appointed, which committee is authorized to ascertain facts from pastors and missionaries, to issue an appeal for funds, to distribute relief, and to take measures for securing work for those who are out of employment. Thus the good work goes on in all parts of the country, and almost everywhere we observe that great care is being taken to relieve suffering without increasing pauperism.

A Religious Census

The Rev. Dr. J. Balcom Shaw has written a valuable article in a recent number of the "Evangelist," in which he gives the facts concerning a recent census of a district in New York, bounded by Ninety-sixth Street on the south and One Hundred and Tenth Street on the north, Central Park on the east and Riverside Drive on the west. Various denominations united in gathering these statistics. The number of families visited were 4,516, divided as follows: Roman Catholics, 1,257; Episcopalians, 933; Presbyterians, 667; Lutherans, 395; Methodists, 292; Baptists, 272; Congregationalists, 30; Dutch Reformed, 40; mixed denominations, 62; Jews, 142; Infidel, 1; Socialist, 1; Greek, 1; Buddhist, 1; Christadelphian, 1; 187 would give no information, and 288 declared that they had no preference. The writer of the article emphasizes three facts—the large plurality of Roman Catholics; the small number of families with no church relations; and the still more significant fact that only one family was willing to call itself Infidel. We desire to emphasize again what we have already called attention to in the past, that our churches and ministers lose very much from not having an accurate knowledge of the field they are working. The churches in every community ought to unite in making a careful inductive study of the localities in which they are situated, as a condition of the most efficient Christian work. We are led to believe that comparatively few ministers have any systematic knowledge of the forces of evil which are opposed to them. And so we say again, study the field as a preliminary to doing the work.

Large Churches

Some one has gleaned the following interesting facts from the last Congregational Year-Book, which we are glad to insert here for the information of our readers:

The ten largest Congregational churches in the United States are:

Place.	*Name.*	*Members.*
Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Plymouth	1,816
Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Tompkins Avenue	1,763
Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Central	1,750
Chicago, Ill.,	First	1,303
Chicago, Ill.,	Union Park	1,271
Oberlin, O.,	First	1,245
Oakland, Cal.,	First	1,215
New York, N. Y.,	Tabernacle	1,148
Minneapolis,	Plymouth	1,073
Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Church of the Pilgrims	1,045
		Additions.
Seattle,	Plymouth	205
Oakland,	First	193
Chicago,	First	165
Tacoma,	First	161
Portland, Ore.,	First	147
San Francisco,	Plymouth	122
Brooklyn	Central	117
San Diego,	First	114
Detroit,	Plymouth	114
Springfield, Ill.,	First	97
San Francisco,	First	92

In the list of additions it is interesting to note that four of the churches receiving the largest number of members are on the Pacific coast. We believe the fact is to be accounted for by the presence and labors of the Rev. B. Fay Mills, and the large ingathering is, in part, the fruit of evangelistic services held under his ministry. These figures are all from the large cities. When we go into the suburbs, we find the largest church to be the First in Cambridge (Mass.), the Rev. Alexander McKenzie, pastor, and the membership 746; the second, the church at Montclair (N. J.), membership 717; the third, Pilgrim Church at Cambridgeport (Mass.), membership 641; the fourth, the Central of Chelsea (Mass.), 614; the fifth, the church at Brookline (Mass.), 599. Of the churches mentioned in these lists Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, gives in benevolent contributions $18,200; the

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Central Brooklyn, in round numbers, $17,000; the Church of the Pilgrims, $20,000; Tompkins Avenue, $16,000. Of the suburban churches named, the church at Brookline gives about $14,000; the First Church at Cambridge, $8,500; the church at Montclair, $17,300. Going westward, we find that the First Church in Chicago gives $16,000, and the Union Park $18,500. The Broadway Tabernacle, New York, leads the denomination with gifts to the amount of $49,000, and the Old South, in Boston, is second on the list, giving about $30,000. We add a few facts concerning pastors. Dr. Storrs has been settled longer than any other pastor in the churches named, having been installed in 1846. The next in length of term of service is Dr. McKenzie, of Cambridge, installed in 1867; then are Dr. L. P. Goodwin, of the First Church in Chicago, 1868; Dr. Bradford, of the church at Montclair, 1870; Dr. McLean, of Oakland, 1872; and Dr. Brand, of Oberlin, 1873. Dr. Abbott was installed in 1888; Dr. Behrends in 1883; Dr. Meredith in 1887. The pastors of the other churches named have been in their respective fields but a few years.

A Church Wedding

We have been interested in the account of a wedding which, before this, has taken place in the city of Spokane, the contracting parties being the Westminster Presbyterian Church and the First Congregational Church of that city. The Congregational people have a very fine building erected in more favorable times, but which, unfortunately, is burdened with debt, so that the people were nearly discouraged. In the midst of their difficulties propositions were made looking toward the union of the two churches. The suggestions were kindly received on both sides, with the following result: The name of the Congregational church is to be changed to the "Westminster Congregational;" the Presbyterians become Congregationalists, and the two churches unitedly assume the debt. The Council called to consider the situation heartily approved of the propositions. How much wiser this action was than it would have been for both churches to endeavor to continue separate existence where both are not needed! Denominational loyalty is responsible for many sins in this world. In more than one city, both East and West, the example set by those churches in Spokane might be followed with the happiest effect. Not only are churches separated by denominational fences, but there are divisions in the denominations themselves, caused by senseless prejudice, which might be easily eradicated, and whose continuance hinders the Christian cause far more than their work helps it.

On the Pacific Coast

We have heard an eminent pastor at the East who has spent many years at the West say that it is almost impossible for churches at the West to retain pastors who were called after they had passed their young manhood. After a few years the longing to get back to the associations of their earlier life is too strong to be resisted, and they naturally gravitate Eastward. Many of the strongest churches of various denominations in the interior and on the Pacific coast are vacant, presumptively because of the reason which has just been given. Two large churches—one in the Northwest and one in southern California—have just lost their pastors, one of them to accept a pastorate on the Atlantic seacoast. Few fields in our country are more attractive than Portland, Ore. It is a beautiful city of about one hundred thousand population, with unsurpassed natural surroundings, in the heart of a populous district, and one many of whose residents have come from the East. The churches in that city are strong and vigorous, several of them having noble edifices. Among them few if any have a better record than the First Congregational, which the Rev. T. E. Clapp, D.D., is just leaving for a pastorate in New Hampshire. Dr. Behrends recently said that if he were twenty-five years younger he would go to the northwest Pacific coast and spend his life there. The First Church in Portland has lost a pastor with a most honorable record, but it ought to experience little difficulty in securing his successor. The same mail which brings us the information of the resignation in Portland also brings the news of a similar one in San Diego, where the Rev. W. C. Merrill has done a most efficient and helpful work. He leaves, we believe, not to return to the East, but because of other considerations. But both resignations illustrate a difficulty which the churches of the extreme West constantly experience. Among Congregationalists on the Pacific coast there is no very long pastorate, except that of the Rev. Dr. McLean, of the First Church at Oakland, who for more than twenty years has ministered to his present people. Another still more prominent illustration—and the prominence comes from its exceptional character—is found in the pastor of the First Unitarian Church in Portland, the Rev. T. L. Elliot, who, if we are not mistaken, has been in his present field fully a quarter of a century. Such pastorates are common at the East; they are uncommon at the far West, and yet we believe that they must become more frequent before the best work for the Master can be accomplished. The minister to whom we referred at the beginning of this paragraph says: "If the churches in the interior and on the Pacific coast wish to retain their ministers for a long time, let them call men under forty years of age." He may be right, and he may be wrong—we give his advice for what it is worth.

Gleanings

—There will be a public meeting on Monday, January 15, in the parlors of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church to listen to an address by M. Greig, of Paris, an evangelist of the McAll Mission.

—On the occasion of the unveiling of a colored window in memory of Theodore Parker in his old church at Roxbury, Mass., last week, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, his literary executor, read an interesting paper, made up largely of extracts from his diary.

—The Rev. M. B. Chapman, D.D., editor of the St. Louis "Christian Advocate," is one of the Directors of the Cross-Bearers' Missionary Reading Circle. Having made a tour of the world in order to study missionary life, he desires to see hundreds of American Christians making a study of the problem of missions in all lands. The C. M. R. C. plan of reading and study may be obtained from the Rev. Z. M. Williams, Gallatin, Mo.

—Dr. H. J. C. Harper, Primate of New Zealand, died at Wellington on January 20. Dr. Harper was born in 1807, and was educated at Queen's College, Oxford. He was for many years Chaplain to Eton College. In 1856 he was appointed first Bishop of Christchurch, New Zealand. This diocese was reconstituted in 1869, and made Metropolitan over the sees of Aukland, Wellington, Waiapu, Nelson, Dunedin, and Melanesia.

—The People's Church of St. Paul has, writes a correspondent, performed the remarkable feat of lifting within the past few weeks a debt of $47,750; in addition the church has raised $17,295 this year for current expenses. The church has received much financial aid outside of its own membership, but practically all of this $47,000 came from within. All the societies of the church are out of debt. The church is doing a very successful work at its new parish house and in other outside work. By raising its debt, the society secured title to a piece of land at Bald Eagle Lake for charity work.

—A rare and curious paper which came into possession of the Presbyterian Board of Missions has been placed in the Lenox Library of New York. It is supposed to be the only copy extant of the Act of Parliament of 1649, in Cromwell's reign, incorporating and chartering the Society for Instituting the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians of New England. The ancient document is printed in Old English lettering. It names sixteen persons who shall organize the Society, and it was evidently intended that the organization should be permanent, for rules are laid down for filling vacancies and for self-perpetuation.

—Secretary Judson Smith, of the American Board, writes us: "At the recent annual meeting of the Trustees of Euphrates College Funds, the resignation by Dr. Wheeler of the presidency of the College was received and accepted, and the Rev. James L. Barton, for eight years a missionary of the American Board at Harpoot, was elected as his successor. Mr. Barton was unanimously nominated to this office by his missionary brethren at Harpoot; and during all his residence at Harpoot he has been esteemed as a son by Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler, and has long been their choice for this post. Every assurance is thus given that the College will continue to be administered in the same careful way, and for the same great Christian and missionary purposes, as in the past; and the Trustees heartily commend Mr. Barton to the confidence and co-operation of all the friends of missions in this country, and especially to those who have become interested in the College through the efforts and personal influence of Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler."

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Books and Authors

The Witness to Immortality[1]

Whoever attempts to deal adequately with the subject of immortality must, so to speak, drain the entire upland of human thought; for faith in, or the hope of, another life has been a part of every philosophy worthy the name, of all great poetry, and of the very tissue of the habitual, although often unexpressed, life of civilized men. The belief in the reality of another world, and that men stand in vital and indissoluble relations with it, has overhung the entire intellectual history of humanity as the heavens overhang the earth. This faith has been held not only as a dogma, but as a philosophical conclusion, a poetic perception, and a motive of immense and immediate influence on the character and daily life of vast multitudes of men. No other idea, save that of the existence and nature of Deity, has been so widely held, so deeply interwoven in the history of the world, and so constantly, directly or by suggestion, represented and interpreted in art.

To deal adequately with this theme, therefore, involves much more than a purely intellectual or philosophic investigation; it involves a comprehensive study of all that men have been and done, and a deep and clear reading of the heart of humanity in all its experiences and vicissitudes. The title of Dr. Gordon's book indicates his standpoint, and suggests the breadth of his treatment of the theme. The arguments for immortality are set in impressive and telling order, and the demonstration gathers volume and force as it moves on to its end; but in the mind of the writer and in the heart of his discussion, immortality is not an open question: it is the divinest of all realities next after the being of God. It is not immortality proven or demonstrated which Dr. Gordon discusses, but immortality *witnessed* by the thought, the heart, and the history of men. The method of the presentation is broad and simple, as the theme demanded. "My secrets have been few," said Savonarola, "because my purposes have been great." There is first, by way of introduction, an account of the different lines of investigation along which the subject may be approached; then follows a study of the Hebrew prophets and their relations to the thought of immortal existence; and to this succeed a survey of representative poetry and lucid interpretations of the attitude of the poets; a more extended and deeply interesting report of the conclusions of philosophy; a study of the relation of the Apostle Paul to the theme which was of such supreme and thrilling interest to him; a reverent and thorough presentation of the final and authoritative contribution to the clearing up of the great mystery made, not only by the words, but by the life, death, and resurrection of Christ; and a concluding chapter on "The Grounds of Faith Today," in which Dr. Gordon, touching incidentally on the theory of conditional immortality, and indicating his uncompromising antagonism to it, suggests lines of thought not unworthy of the arguments drawn from so many sources which precede it.

One is impressed, in reading this volume, with the breadth of view and with the power of interpreting and setting in vital connection the great tendencies of the intellectual and moral life of men. A purely philosophic discussion of the question of immortality would have added little to the knowledge of the subject or to its force of motivity, for the reason that immortality, like all the great primary truths by which men live, is in no sense the creation or the product of merely intellectual activity. It has far greater depth of root than those ideas which have been consciously worked out along philosophic lines, and it has far greater authority. It is a necessity of man's life; an inevitable inference of his intellectual and moral being; and it comes to light as soon as he begins to live in free and intelligent relations with the universe. Philosophy has cleared up the idea and given it logical statement, and poetry has grasped it as one of the great realities upon which the imagination instinctively fastens itself; but the idea is part of the constitution of man, and has its roots in a soil deeper and richer than that of the intellect. Whoever would adequately trace its development and determine its validity must look for its origin neither in the intellect nor in the imagination, but in the essential nature of man; for it is neither a speculation nor an aspiration; it is a reality; a thing to be discovered, not created, by the intellect; to be realized, not fashioned, by the imagination.

Dr. Gordon has dealt with the great theme in this deep and vital fashion; he has not neglected the different aspects, the varying forms of demonstration, which the idea has had at the hands of thinkers and poets; but he has emphasized the vast and overwhelming witness of the nature, the life, and the history of man to its reality. One of the most impressive and able chapters in this volume is that which deals with the Hebrew prophets and points out the inevitable sequence of immortality from their sublime conception of the rule of righteousness. More than this, the prophetic element in all high and noble moral living is brought out with great force and beauty, and becomes a fresh and conclusive demonstration. What more convincing argument can be advanced than the fact that when the moral consciousness becomes sensitive and complete, and the moral nature invigorated and dominant, the mind is driven on to the idea of immortality by a vital logical process which it cannot resist? The survey of the contributions of philosophy to the subject is admirable in its orderliness, clearness, and sense of proportion; no one can read this noble chapter in the history of human thought without a deeper respect for the human mind and a new sense of the cumulative force of the arguments for immortality drawn from the meditations of the great thinkers. The authority of Paul, as the master of all those who have dealt with this great theme, is shown to rest on the securest foundations of personal faith, philosophic power and definiteness, and beauty of statement; while the treatment of the whole subject culminates in the clear and victorious identification of the teaching and life of Christ with the idea of immortality, not as a mere continuance of individual existence, but as the present and only life, the knowledge of and fellowship with the only true God.

Such a discussion as that contained in this volume demands a style of sustained power and of unusual compass, and it is very high praise to say that, with occasional and incidental lapses into commonplace phrase or expression, Dr. Gordon has held his subject to a very high plane, and has continually imparted to it that power of touching the imagination, without whose co-operation the reason is shorn of half its force in such an endeavor. The breadth of treatment which characterizes the book as a whole is supplemented by a style at all times capacious and at some points genuinely rich and beautiful. Summing up the ideas of life held by the Hebrew prophets, Dr. Gordon introduces this striking illustration:

> As one standing among the Scotch hills in the early autumn, at sundown, and when the heather is in full bloom, perceives first the glory of the whole as it fashions itself into one seamless and superb robe, flung like royal purple round the shoulders of the kingly elevation, then observes the rich clusters and groups of beauty in the separate bushes, and, last of all, notices the single flower, the individual blossom, and its delicate and exquisite tint and tone, so the Hebrew prophets regarded life. The general outline was the first to impress them, the gathered greatness and collective dignity of men, the multitudes of people as they melted into one mass of royal possibility, with the beauty of the Lord their God resting upon them; then came the recognition of the smaller groups and wholes, the sense of the loveliness and lofty import of home; and finally the prophet's eyes fell upon the individual heart and discerned its wonderful structure, its sacred office, its priceless worth. The moral government of God, first discovered as concerned with the nation, is next beheld as extending to the family, and lastly is seen searching the heart of the individual human being, and clothing his life with a dignity altogether unspeakable.

The intellectual and literary quality of Dr. Gordon's book clearly predict other contributions to religious thought at a time when there is great need of thinkers deep enough

[1] *The Witness to Immortality in Literature, Philosophy, and Life.* By George A. Gordon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50.

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and courageous enough to give the new knowledge of the time not only coherence and order, but spiritual reality and significance. There is in the book another and perhaps a still finer quality: the power to console, to invigorate, and to inspire.

The One-Volume Longfellow [1]

The Cambridge Edition of the Complete Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is in every respect a model of a low-priced but tasteful and substantial book. It contains, in the first place, the complete works of a standard writer, whose position and influence require no comment in this place and at this time, but a knowledge of whose verse is a part of the education of every American, and the memory of whose life and character belongs to the best heritage bequeathed by the past to the present. It presents that work, in the second place, entire, so that between the covers of a single volume is to be found the whole contribution of Longfellow to American poetry. It furnishes the reader, in the third place, with all the information necessary to a complete understanding of Longfellow's work in the form of condensed biographical and other notes, with a biographical sketch by the editor, Mr. Horace E. Scudder. Its workmanship, in the fourth place, is almost beyond criticism, for, although the paper used is necessarily light in weight, it is so opaque and so excellent in quality that it secures all the advantages to the eye of heavier paper; the type is large and clear, the binding substantial and agreeable to the hand, for the book opens perfectly, and the cover is tasteful in color and design. The Riverside Edition of Longfellow was published nine years ago in eleven volumes, six being devoted to verse, three to the translation of Dante, and two to prose. The Cambridge Edition is based on the Riverside, and contains the entire text published in the six volumes of verse, and includes the whole, therefore, of Longfellow's original work in poetry. A book so thoroughly edited, arranged, and printed, at so low a price, is an event in the history of publishing in this country worthy of special attention, and is a most practical effort in the direction of the popularization of the best literature.

Readers of The Outlook have not forgotten Mr. William Root Bliss's occasional contributions to its columns—contributions which have been characterized by the interest that springs from closeness of observation and freshness of touch. Mr. Bliss has collected thirteen of his sketches in an attractive volume, which bears the imprint of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and which is appropriately entitled *The Old Colony Town, and Other Sketches*. The old colony town is, of course, Plymouth, much written about but always interesting, and to the history of which, in the way of comment and report of old times and old men, Mr. Bliss has added a very entertaining chapter. Buzzard's Bay is not far from Plymouth, and its picturesque outlooks and historic associations find in Mr. Bliss a sympathetic and affectionate observer and reporter. "Life on Matinicus Rock" takes the reader further away from Plymouth, but does not take him out of the boundaries of New England; for the rock stands in the Atlantic, thirty miles from the entrance to the Penobscot River, and is given over to the three families who take care of the sea-lights, and to an innumerable throng of sea-birds. Mr. Bliss's love of the sea is evidenced in many ways, but it is not greater than his affection for old-time New England characterizations and New England humor. The other chapters in this volume furnish the reader with a kind of background against which the New England studies are more sharply outlined, for among them we find the account of "Seven Days in a Jinrikisha," which first appeared in the columns of The Outlook. Mr. Bliss's book is not a contribution to the history of the country, and does not pretend to be, but it is a very delightful and entertaining report of the observations and impressions of a man of fresh intelligence and of wide human interests.

The Sunday-School Teacher's Edition of the Holy Bible (Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York) is, on the whole, one of the most complete and useful editions of the Bible for the Sunday-school teacher and scholar. In the ideal church there will be a Sunday-school library, and on some week evening or some hour of Sunday, teachers and scholars will meet in this library to do some real, honest study of the Bible. But there are not many such churches—if, indeed, one anywhere exists. The library it is easy to provide; but the enthusiasm which will bring teachers and scholars together to really study the lesson is difficult to arouse; and so long as that is the case, "helps," such as are furnished by the Sunday-school magazines, the various volumes of Notes on the International Lessons, and such volumes as this, will be indispensable as substitutes for libraries. About one-third of this Bible is given to "helps." We doubt the practical value of the seventy-four pages of plates which give illustrations of ancient manuscripts, and of pictures from ancient monuments and the like. The brief general introduction to the Bible is, on the whole, very good, though the edition has not availed itself of the latest and best results of modern criticism. In the main, it insists upon the traditional views respecting the authorship and dates of the Old Testament books. There is a good deal of what might be called Bible dictionary matter in the volume, a variety of valuable indexes, a substantially complete concordance, and a very good index atlas. The paper is so thin that the volume is not bulky, while the type is large enough to be clear and easily read.

"Greek Lines and Their Influence on Modern Architecture," "The Growth of Conscience in Modern Decorative Art," "The Influence of the Personal Element upon Historical Architecture," "The Royal Château of Blois," "The Present State of Architecture," and "Poetry and Architecture," are six essays by Mr. Henry Van Brunt, the well-known architect, now bound together in one volume, under the general title of *Greek Lines*. Of these chapters, the most interesting are the first and fifth. The few illustrations are hardly worthy of the text, which, in matter and manner, leaves little to be desired, save that we wish there were more of it. Especially and entertainingly instructive is the explanation of the monumental stiffening of the lotus in Egyptian temples, a subject already more sumptuously treated by Mr. Goodyear. Next comes the development in Doric architecture of the entasis and echinus and abacus, and in Ionic of the anthemion and volutes. The characteristic of art in Greece was freedom, but at Rome it became both academic and enslaved. This bondage, with the subsequent Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance periods (all included under the general head Roman), has been more satisfactorily described by others. Mr. Van Brunt is, however, an essayist pure and simple, not a historian. As to the present revival, he attributes its beginning to the labors of that Luther of architecture, the great Berliner, Schinkel. The underlying spirit of this valuable volume is never material, but wholly spiritual; and to its author, true architecture means Destiny, Love, Life, just as it is Egyptian, Greek, Roman. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Liquor Legislation in the United States and Canada. By E. L. Fanshawe. (Cassell & Co., New York.) This is the only authoritative volume we have ever seen upon the temperance legislation of the various American commonwealths. The author, a London barrister, conducted his investigation at the request of an English Member of Parliament whose one desideratum was reliable information. He went in turn to each of the States whose legislation he describes—and these include nearly all—and obtained all the obtainable, including all the unofficial, information that a truth-loving man could collect. It would be difficult to tell what his prejudices were, his descriptions are so colorless. The resultant of the evidence submitted is that prohibition prohibits wherever the sentiment of the local public favors it; that local option is generally successful, though not universally so; and that high license has been highly successful as a revenue measure, but not certainly so as a measure to lessen drinking and drunkenness. The descriptions of the legislation in various States are often full of suggestions of features which might with advantage be incorporated in the excise law of other States.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, have published a little volume which ought to be widely read in these days when social and industrial questions are so generally discussed. Among the earliest of the writings which disturbed the old ideas with regard to the organization of society was Rousseau's *Social Contract; or, The Principle of Political Rights*, a volume which takes its place, in point of time, between Rousseau's two other notable books, the "Nouvelle Heloise" and "Émile." The thesis which the great French writer expounded is no longer held, at least in the form in which he set it forth, but the book remains one of those documents of human history which no student can leave unread. In this edition, Rousseau's work is translated by Rose M. Harrington, and is furnished with a long introduction

[1] *The Complete Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $2.

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and with occasional notes by Professor Walter, of the University of Michigan. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The story of Count Axel Fersen is now told for really the first time in *A Friend of the Queen*. Count Fersen was indeed more than a friend to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette; he was her devoted servant, and his attempts to rescue her were heroic, though unavailing. The scandal attached by gossip in their lifetime to the ill-fated friends is not at all confirmed by this volume, though one cannot say that it is absolutely disproved. Count Fersen served among the French troops who aided our forefathers in the Revolution, was trusted by Gustave III. of Sweden, and was the favorite of Charles XIII., but finally perished through mob violence. His life, even apart from his relations with Marie Antoinette, was an interesting one, and is well told in this book, though with sometimes a trifle of excess in sentimentality. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The English-speaking reader should be sincerely grateful to the editors of the "International Humour" series for the opportunity of becoming acquainted (in the volume devoted to *Dutch Humour*) with the writing of "Multatuli." This writer has not only a decidedly original and rich vein of humor, but an insight into life and character quite out of the ordinary. In some of his characteristics he reminds one of Maarten Maartens. His hatred of sham and social and political insincerity is wholesome and stimulating. Other writers quoted from are Van Eeden, Van Lennep, Cremer, Cats, and several others. Mr. Warner, the editor, says in a preface that the Dutchman likes his fun "pretty obvious and not too concentrated," but the book shows exceptions to this rule. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The Recipe for Diamonds is, so far as plot goes, a really clever sensational story, well planned and worked out, but unfortunately marred by profanity and bad tone generally. The writer, Mr. C. J. C. Hyne, has a little of Kipling's talent, and also some of his faults. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) A most refreshing contrast is M. E. Francis's *In a North Country Village*, which has much the same charm as that of Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Delectable Duchy," of which we spoke lately. It is a minute study of the characters and humors of an English village, fresh and graceful in manner, and abounding in pictures from peasant life which are really perfect in their way. The reader lays down the little book with a strong desire for more. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Teachers and others interested in educational questions will find a complete exposition of the grammar-school system, not as we enjoy it, but as it is in England, in a recent book published by Macmillan & Co., of this city, entitled *Studies in Secondary Education*, edited by Arthur H. D. Ackland, M.P., and H. Llewellyn Smith, M.A.; with an Introduction by James Bryce. The late Mr. Matthew Arnold never ceased to exhort the English to organize their secondary schools into some system. It would seem that his words are about to bear fruit.

Bright-Nook, by Grace Gaylord (Hunt & Eaton, New York), is a book of the old-fashioned Sunday-school library order—religion and morals administered in sugar-coated form. *Forging the Sword; or, The Holy War*—anonymous—published by the same house, is a religious story into which are interjected stories of heroes and heroines of sacred and profane history.

Literary Notes

—Mr. Holman Hunt is occupied upon his new book, which will treat of the pre-Raphaelite movement in England.

—A copy of the sixpenny pamphlet edition of Gray's "Elegy," printed by the author in 1751, sold lately in London for $370.

—A rumor has gained some credence in Germany that Prince Bismarck has sold the copyright of his memoirs to a firm of publishers for $125,000.

—The interesting announcement is made that an authorized memoir of the late Dr. Francis Parkman will be prepared under the direction of his family.

—With the $70,000 left to Yale by the late Judge Billings a chair of English Literature is to be established. It will be known as the Emily Sanford Professorship.

—The sister of Hall Caine, the novelist, Miss Lily Hall Caine, lived for a time in the house of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It is rumored that she may print her recollections of the poet.

—The Longmans (London) have sold the "New Review" to Mr. William Heinemann, who will add stories and illustrations to the magazine. Mr. Archibald Grove still remains as editor.

—A great many people will be interested in the announcement of a new volume of essays by Augustine Birrell, discussing such subjects as Swift, Sterne, Johnson, Bolingbroke, and Gay. The volume will be published by the Scribners.

—The Boston Round Table Club, whose President has always been Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, presented to him on the occasion of his seventieth birthday a superb silver loving-cup, on which was engraved this quotation from Tennyson: "Hold us for your friends; here we pledge our troth; yea, by the honor of the Table Round."

—M. Delisle, the librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, announces that, as paper is now being made of inferior materials, books will begin to perish in but a few years' time. The decay begins with yellow spots which speedily develop into holes. Even the hand-made papers are rotted by the chemicals employed in the manufacture.

—Labouchere's "Truth" (London) gives the following recipe for making a modern English literary celebrity: "Half educate a vain youth at Oxford; let his hair grow; dip him into erotic French literature; add one idea, chop it small; log-roll the whole; give a grotesque name; then serve up as a rival to Milton, Sheridan, and Shakespeare."

—Mr. Denton J. Snider is to deliver a course of ten lectures on "The Spiritual Interpretation of Goethe's 'Faust,'" on Tuesdays, at half-past two in the afternoon, beginning January 9. The lectures are to be given at the Kindergarten College, 10 Van Buren Street, Chicago, and are prefatory to the Literary School which is to be held at the College in Easter week, and which is to be devoted this year to the study of Goethe.

—If one were to select a certain number of the "Edinburgh Review" of fifty-four years ago, he might read therein these words in a review by Macaulay of a volume on Church and State which Mr. Gladstone had just issued: "The author of this volume is a young man of unblemished character and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow reluctantly and mutinously a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor."

—The promised periodical of the City Vigilance League of New York has made its appearance. It is a sixteen-page paper, and is entitled "The City Vigilant." Dr. Parkhurst's editorial will, of course, attract wide attention. Speaking of the League, organized on the plan of Tammany Hall, with a district leader for each of the Assembly districts, and proposing to have a captain for each of the 1,137 election districts, he says: "If at the outset the governing aim was to ferret out official delinquency, that has, to a considerable degree, given place to the more substantial purpose of coming into touch with all that our municipal government and our municipal life represent, and of making a study of special conditions—moral, social, political, and industrial—as they are variously evinced in the different quarters of the town." Other articles are by President Low on "Good Citizenship and the Election Laws," and Mr. Dorman B. Eaton on "The Duties of Good Citizenship." Mr. Isaac Spectorsky, the Rev. William Hamilton, and Mr. Frank Moss also contribute to the number.

Books Received

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

Huxley, Thomas H. Science and Education: Essays. $1.25.
Hinsdale, B. A. How to Study and Teach History.

CROSCUP PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Haldeman, Rev. I. M. Theosophy or Christianity, Which? 50 cts.

F. W. HELMICK, NEW YORK

Deal Gently with the Erring. Words by Mrs. J. A. Gadney, Music by Charles Baker. 40 cts.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Thoreau, Henry David. Miscellanies. With a Biographical Sketch by R. W. Emerson. $1.50.
Thoreau, Henry David. Early Spring in Massachusetts. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. $1.50.
Thoreau, Henry David. Excursions. $1.50.

HUNT & EATON, NEW YORK

Anti-Higher Criticism; or, Testimony to the Infallibility of the Bible. Professor H. Osgood, W. H. Green, D.D., and Others. Edited by Rev. L. W. Munhall. $1.50.
The Methodist Year-Book for 1894. Edited by A. B. Sanford, D.D. 10 cts.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Rutherford, Mark. Catherine Furze. Edited by Reuben Shapcott. $1.
Pepys, Samuel. Diary. Edited by Henry B. Wheatley. Vol. III. $1.50.
Herbert, George. The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. $2.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH & CO., NEW YORK

Olyphant, V. M. Christ Our Life. Sermons. $1.
Gray, William C. Camp-Fire Musings.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Kaftan, Julius, D.D. The Truth of the Christian Religion. (Imported.) 2 Vols. $6.
Moehler, John Adam, D.D. Symbolism. (Imported.) $2.50.
Ostrogorski, M. The Rights of Women. (Imported.) $1.
Stead, Herbert F., M.A. The Kingdom of God. (Imported.) 60 cts.
Yeats, W. B. The Poems of William Blake. (Imported.) $1.75.
Stirling, James Hutchinson. Darwinianism: Workmen and Work. (Imported.) $3.75.

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO

Jones, Jenkin Lloyd. The Women's Uprising. Sermon. 10 cts.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON

Eddy, Richard, D.D. The Universalist Register for 1894. 25 cts.

JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA

Cherbuliez, Victor. A Phidian Horse. Translated by Elizabeth Hill Bissell Roberts.

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Tramp Relief in Germany

In Miss Sutter's volume, "A Colony for Mercy,"[1] reviewed in The Outlook of January 6, is a description of the system of relief for the unemployed now in operation in Germany. For the most hopeless of the unemployed there are a score of labor colonies. For the most hopeful—those who have been but a short time out of work and are still able to pay their way—there are some four hundred journeymen's homes where decent accommodation is furnished at a minimum cost. But for the mass of those who are out of work, and tramping professedly in search of it, the public has instituted, half in charity and half in self-protection, relief-stations at more than nineteen hundred points throughout the country. Here the tramp is received as an honest labor-seeker, furnished with food and lodging in return for work, and assisted in his search for employment. The total cost of these stations is but $375,000 a year. Miss Sutter's description of them is as follows:

"The relief-stations are a creation of the last ten or twelve years only. They have their origin in a law of the State, then introduced, which provides that every German subject in distress may at least claim one night's lodging and one day's food at the hands of the parish within whose boundaries he may happen to be.

"Now, these stations, first thought of in Würtemberg, South Germany, to combat house-to-house begging, have passed through various phases; they were approved and disapproved by public opinion, and they were not at first, in every instance, what true charity would have them be. But there was a power at work to shape them, to draw them into a system; and though they are still, in some respects, in a transition state, they are fast becoming a high-road along which 'Darkest Germany' is passing with increasing benefit. It was Pastor von Bodelschwingh (the head of the colony for epileptics) who, at a home mission congress in 1884, moved 'the organic unity of all labor colonies and relief-stations throughout the empire.'

"This, then, is the present state of affairs concerning the unemployed in Germany. Along the great highroads—north, south, east, and west—there are relief-stations, at a distance one from another of half a day's march. The unemployed can scarcely help tramping: let them tramp in stages; they will fall in with the plan if they know dinner is awaiting them and a night's rest. The morning is for tramping, the afternoon for work, as a rule, though the season of the year and other circumstances may modify the arrangement. The work shall not be considered dishonoring, and, though it be stone-breaking, a man is not a pauper for that; but at most stations they provide the more welcome labor of wood-chopping. These unemployed largely make the firewood for the Fatherland. A man arrives by midday, has his dinner—most plain, of course, but wholesome and sufficient—and then he must do his required amount of work; then he has supper, a social evening with brethren in distress, no drink, and a decent bed in the dormitory. Next morning he has breakfast, and go he *must;* his dinner is at the next station. Only over Sunday two nights are allowed, and on Sunday, of course, the vagrant is a guest, free of work.

"A beautiful arrangement, says the English writer, but how do you prevent this from becoming a gigantic system of abuse, pampering the out-of-work instead of really aiding him, furthering vagrancy instead of suppressing it? Well, in this way: A man may not tramp as he likes; he must tramp in strict order from station to station—that is why the stations are planned to be within an able man's walking distance; and there is no turning aside, no doubling back upon your road. A man setting out, say from Cologne to Berlin, under pretense of seeking labor, is received at the first station—indeed, at any station—be he an honest labor-seeker or not, for who can tell? But on leaving the first station the *Wandersheim* is handed him—the vagrancy certificate: a little book, paged and ruled into squares, a sort of blank diary. In the first blank square the first station which gave him relief enters its stamped signature and date; the second square must be filled by the next station in the order of the road, and so forth; and if your tramp turns aside from his appointed, indeed self-appointed, way, the next stations will not receive him—this is his discipline; and if he arrives at the last stage as unhelped as when he started—that is, without having found regular employment (every station being a labor agency)—he is likely to be a man who will not work, and the house of correction *may* receive him in the end. For at the stations any employer of the district makes known his want of hands, and a man who can and will work need not tramp forever. The *Wandersheim*, also, is valid for two or three months only, after which it has to be renewed; and it would not be renewed without inquiring into a prolonged want of employment. The inveterate out-of-work is thus brought to book.

"These stations partly keep themselves by the men's labor, the deficiency being borne by the respective districts, at a great saving to the public purse, always remembering it is cheaper to aid your beggar than let him beg. And it is a wondrously merciful arrangement: an unemployed man in Germany positively, by means of these stations, can travel through the length and breadth of the Empire *without having one penny in his pocket.* He is fed and taken in for the night in return for the work he gives. His clothes are not replenished; if he tramps himself into rags, his next stage is the colony.

"These relief-stations (nearly two thousand of them, as we have said) in the course of the year thus receive for a night's lodging and a day's food thousands upon thousands of labor-seeking vagrants, making them work for their absolute necessities, keeping them from the need of begging, and largely from the public-house till regular work is found. The nights' lodgings given last year amounted to about three million; or, in other words, some eight thousand vagrants, on an average, are in these refuges daily. And although such a gigantic system of regulated helpfulness cannot be free from abuse, yet the use is greater than the abuse."

[1] Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

The Straus Plan

"The main question with me in arranging the New York City coal-yards and the bread-stations for the poor," said Mr. Nathan Straus in a personal interview with one of The Outlook's staff, "has been to do the most good to the needy with the least amount of damage to anybody else. There is certainly no intention of allowing my plan to pauperize the people or to hurt the dealer, even if a loaf of bread is sold at cost, and coal at the same rate as by the boat-load, while the cost of hauling, rent, and other expenses are contributed. In all the stations there will be a reduction in the price of coal. The new rates are twenty-five pounds, instead of twenty, for five cents—fifty pounds, instead of forty, for ten cents. At the yards at the foot of East Third Street, Rutgers Street, and West Fifty-second Street, from five thousand to seventy-five hundred persons are daily supplied. The sales average from 150,000 to 200,000 pounds, and the demand is rapidly increasing. At the East Third Street station, where in summer sterilized milk is dispensed, the place is thronged, and yet I believe there is not five per cent. of imposition. Few tramps or vagrants would go staggering away under their sacks of coal. At this place we are now selling fresh bread, both wheat and rye. The prices are two and a half cents for small loaves, and five cents for large ones. After the bread is a day old the small loaves are sold at one cent, and the larger at two. Here are samples of bread a week old. Let us cut into them. Smell and taste. You notice that the inside is still fresh and sweet.

"Tickets, giving five or ten cents value, may be bought by any one in quantities. These tickets being for something else than whisky, an applicant's worthiness is to a certain extent shown by his accepting and presenting them. As the expenses at the Grand Street station are borne by another, I contributing only the necessary labor and service, it is necessary to keep its accounts separate. Hence the tickets sold there are good only at that place. A five-cent ticket calls for a basket of coal, six ounces of tea, or two small loaves of bread; the ten-cent ticket calls for a large basket of coal, or twelve ounces of tea, or two large loaves of bread. Sugar and coffee will be added within a few days. The rate for tea will apply to coffee also, namely, six ounces for five cents, while the same sum will buy a pound and a half of sugar. Of course the prices for coal and bread at all stations are the same. Now, if you think that I interfere with the peddlers and hucksters and bakers, then, in the first place, perhaps you do not know how much profit these people make; and, in the second, the poor will freeze and starve before we decide about your political economy. We can supply fifteen thousand people daily with the necessaries of life at cost price. The exigencies of the times demand that, while we produce no paupers by giving away food and fuel, we make our charity as far-reaching as possible by the lowest rates."

Mr. Straus also detailed his plans for further charitable work, one of which is to turn those of his buildings which formerly belonged to the Scotch Presbyterian Church, on Fourteenth Street, near Sixth Avenue, into a temporary lodging-house. By putting cot-beds on the three floors, there can be three hundred persons cared for nightly, and if "double-decker" cots be used, six hundred. Mr. Straus has both beds and bedding ready, and will undertake single-handed this noble charity, not turning away those who have not even the five cents necessary for the lodging and the coffee and bread next morning, but giving them a chance to earn that small sum by the necessary work in cleaning and caring for the building. This latest addition to temporary lodging-houses will probably be in running order during the present week. O. N.

—That notable group of six Rembrandts once owned by the Baron de Seillière, of Paris, and then by his daughter, the Princesse de Sagan, are now in America. New York as represented by Mr. Havemeyer, Chicago by Mr. Ellsworth, and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts claim these treasures. It is interesting to know that the people have this privilege through the generosity of Mrs. Frederick Ames, who presented the pictures to the Museum in memory of her husband. They are portraits of Dr. Tulp and his wife, and are dated 1634, two years later than the year when "The Anatomy Lesson" was produced.

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Noah Porter. A Memorial by Friends. Edited by George S. Merriam. 8vo, $2.00. *Scribners.*

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Personal Recollections of John G. Whittier. By Mrs. Mary B. Claflin. With portrait. 18mo, 75 cents. *Crowell.*

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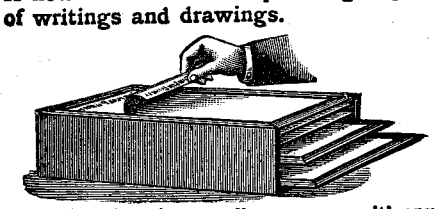

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Recreation Department The Outlook

Suggestions for planning a Vacation or a Trip anywhere in the world; printed information concerning any Transportation Line in the world, any Hotel in the world, any Pleasure or Health Resort in the world, or any Tour to any part of the world, will be sent on request, without charge, by the Recreation Department, The Outlook, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

First Tour to Florida via Pennsylvania Railroad

This year's series of Pennsylvania Railroad tours to the land of sunshine and flowers will be inaugurated on January 30, when a luxurious special train, composed entirely of Pullman sleeping and dining cars, will leave New York at 9:30, Trenton 11:08 A.M., Philadelphia 12:10, Wilmington 12:50 P.M., and thence via the most direct route to the destination point—Jacksonville. At this latter place the tourists are left to follow their own inclination as to where they shall spend the two weeks allotted to them. The great number of side trips that are available renders a selection from which a choice may be made to suit the desires of the most exacting. The unsurpassed climate according with the cloudless, azure-blue sky throughout the immense confines of the State, and the healthful effects to be enjoyed by a sojourn within its borders, are sure to be appreciated by the strong as well as the feeble, in whatever direction they are prompted.

$50 from New York, $48 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from intermediate or contiguous points within a generous radius are made on the most liberal basis, and include railroad fare, sleeping accommodations, and meals *en route* in both directions while on the special train.

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The Thousand Islands, the fisherman's paradise;

The New York and Chicago Limited, the most luxurious train in the world—

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European Winter Resort
Innsbruck, Tyrol, Austria, **1,900** feet above the sea, with dry, bracing climate. University town, with fine medical college and one of the finest hospitals in Europe.
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Large, airy, sunny rooms, well furnished; superior cuisine; modern conveniences. Charming excursions made. Eminent medical care if desired. Best references. Illustrated pamphlets on application. CARL LANDSEE, Prop.

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THE PRINCESS HOTEL

This new and commodious hotel will open Dec. 10th. For terms, circulars, etc., address
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OUTERBRIDGE & CO., 39 Broadway, N. Y.

Foreign Hotels

HAMILTON
HOTEL
HAMILTON, BERMUDA
J. R. MEAD, Manager
Cable address: Hotel, Bermuda.

RESORTS

California

LOS ANGELES: The Hollenbeck
Illustrated book describing Southern California sent on request by A. C. BILICKE & CO.

CARLETON HOTEL **Pasadena, Cal.**—A strictly first-class family and tourist hotel. American and European plan. Centrally located. Sunny rooms. Terms reasonable.

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Accommodation for 400 guests. Occupies an entire block. Handsomely furnished.
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Elevation, 1,000 feet above the sea. Thirty miles from the Coast. Magnificent view of Pasadena, the San Gabriel Valley, and the Sierra Madre Mountains. Fine drives. Pure mountain water. Sanitary conditions perfect. Table fully up to the standard. Elevator. Hot-water heating. A home to spend a winter in a mild climate, amid sunshine, fruit, and flowers. Street-cars pass the door. Address M. D. PAINTER.

Hotel Pleasanton
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
The largest, best appointed, and most liberally managed Family and Tourists' Hotel in San Francisco. American Plan only. Rates, $3.00 and upwards per day.
CAMPBELL T. HEDGE, Proprietor.

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In the beautiful San Bernardino Valley. Magnificent scenery. A wonderful combination of Roses, Lillies, Orange-blossoms, and snow-capped Mountains.
Wm. M. Tisdale, Mgr. Campbell T. Hedge, Prop.

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Excellent accommodations for families desiring home comforts. Baxter Terrace is situated on high ground, five blocks from the Arlington Hotel, on the car line. The appointments are first-class in every respect. Attractive grounds. Table unexceptionable. Best sanitary plumbing. Mail delivered twice daily. Local and long-distance telephone. References exchanged. Address
Miss K. G. COIT, Lessee,
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Located upon a bluff overlooking the Beach and Bay of Monterey, commanding the finest land and marine view on the Pacific Coast. Modern improvements; flower gardens; surf bathing; most equable temperature in California. **Six miles from the Big Trees.** For terms and illustrated souvenir of Sea Beach Hotel and City of Santa Cruz apply to JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

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THE ARDMORE Thirteenth St., bet. E and F, N. W., Washington, D.C. Family hotel; central location; convenient to cars and places of interest; no liquors. Terms, $1.50 to $2.50 per day. T. M. HALL.

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Altamonte Springs, Florida
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DAYTONA, FLORIDA
[PRETTIEST TOWN IN FLORIDA]
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DE LAND, FLORIDA
THE PUTNAM
Largest hotel. In beautiful orange grove. Attractive and homelike. Moderate rates. M. E. GOULD.

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New Brick Hotel. Now open. All modern improvements. Also **THE UPLANDS, Bethlehem, N. H.** Open July to October. F. H. ABBOTT, Prop.

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Located on highest ledge on **Indian River;** amidst 30 acres of bearing orange grove. New and elegant accommodates 300. Send for booklet.
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THE ABBEY, St. Augustine
First-class accommodations. Rates—$2.00 and $2.50. Mrs. A. B. ABBE.

THE BARCELONA
ST. AUGUSTINE, Florida. Good family table and home comforts. R. E. HASSELTINE.

"THE FLORIDA"
ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.
Beautifully and centrally located. One square from Cathedral, Post-Office, Old Slave-Market, etc. Highest natural ground in city. Excellent water and well-shaded lawn. *Superior accommodations at reasonable rates.* Capacity, 250. J. T. SKILES, Prop., Formerly of Luray Inn, late of Eseeola Inn.

The "LORILLARD VILLA" St. Augustine, Fla.
Mrs. J. V. HERNANDEZ & SON, Mgrs. For rates send for circular and cards.

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The leading and select **Family** Hotel. In the very center of the city. Thoroughly comfortable and homelike, with a cuisine of superior excellence. A careful and liberal management and strictly first-class in every respect. Eighth season. **C. D. TYLER, Proprietor.**

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A modern hotel in a superb location. Perfect sanitary appointments; liberal management; reasonable prices. Capacity, 500. Music by
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INDIAN RIVER HOTEL Titusville, Fla.
—Under new management. Situated on bank of the river. Fishing and hunting in abundance. Guides, dogs, and yachts connected with hotel. The home of the sportsman. Direct railroad connection with all points in Florida. Telegraph office in house. D. B. MATHESON, Proprietor.

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Remodeled and enlarged. Electric cars to and from all Depots and Wharves. **Rates reduced to $2.00 per day.** M. L. HARNETT.

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Piney Woods Hotel
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For particulars, rates, etc., address WM. E. DAVIES, Manager, Thomasville, Ga., or Fred H. Schofield, Windsor Hotel, N. Y. City.

Maryland

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Hotel Altamont { Eutaw Place, Baltimore
A most charming spot to spend the winter. A novel feature—sun parlor on top of house, overlooking the City of Baltimore and Chesapeake Bay. Healthiest mode of heating in the world. Chattolanee Springs Water served without extra charge. For illustrated book address The Outlook or C. WARNER STORK, Proprietor.

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N. W. Corner Clifton Avenue and Fourth Street, MISS A. E. ODGERS. **LAKEWOOD, N. J.**

LAKEWOOD, N. J. HARRIS COTTAGE
One block east of "The Lakewood." Open fireplaces, sun parlor, electrical treatment, massage. Mrs. E. HARRIS.

You Are Thinking

of taking a trip somewhere during the coming months. You know what you want, but perhaps you don't know where to find it. To help you find it is what the Recreation Department of The Outlook is for. If you are going anywhere, write the

RECREATION DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK
13 ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK

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Dr. H. J. Cate, of the Lakewood Sanitarium, will be glad to give full information in regard to Lakewood as a winter health resort.

HOTEL ST. ELMO.
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GREEN COVE SPRINGS
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Perhaps you would like to visit **Green Cove Springs, Florida,** if you knew more of its beauties.

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WINTER RESORT for HEALTH and PLEASURE Driest Climate in the United States, except points of great altitude in the Rocky Mountains.

HIGHLAND PARK HOTEL
FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT
Electric Lights, Elevator. Pure Spring Water. Perfect Drainage. Pure Milk from our own Dairy. Unexcelled Cuisine. Billiard Room, Ladies' Billiard Room, Bowling Alley, Tennis Courts, etc. Good Livery. Hotel grounds embrace 350 acres Pine Forest. **Now Open.** For circular and terms address **B. P. CHATFIELD, Proprietor.**

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Superior table and accommodations. Miss J. RUSSELL.

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LAKEWOOD, N. J.—This new Hotel has every modern improvement. Address D. H. PAUL.

THE PARK VIEW
LAKEWOOD, N. J. | CHAS. W. WOODLAND, Prop.

HEALTH RESORT
BAKER HOUSE, Vineland, N. J.
Pure air, pure water, no malaria. Open year round. Terms $2 per day, $7 to $10 per week.
S. R. FOWLER, Prop.

New York

Dr. Strong's Sanitarium
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
A popular resort for health, change, rest, or recreation all the year. Elevator, electric bells, steam, open fireplaces, sun-parlor and promenade on the roof. Suites of rooms with baths. Dry, tonic air. Massage, Electricity, all baths and all remedial appliances. Saratoga waters and winter sports. New Turkish and Russian baths. Send for illustrated circular.

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The Jackson Sanatorium
DANSVILLE, NEW YORK
(ESTABLISHED IN 1858.)
Elevated location, 1,200 ft. above sea-level, overlooking the beautiful Genesee Valley.
Personal Care of experienced Physicians. All valuable forms of treatment. Provision for rest, recreation, and amusement.
Elegant **fire-proof** main building and twelve cottages. Asphalt Roof promenade. Steam heat, open fires, electric bells, safety elevator, telegraph, telephone. Cuisine under supervision of Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, of Chautauqua Cooking School.
On line D., L. & W. R. R., between New York and Buffalo. Open all the year. For illustrated circular, etc., address J. ARTHUR JACKSON, Sec'y.

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MOUNTAIN PARK HOTEL
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A Perfect Winter Resort. Altitude, 1,800 Feet. Dry pure air and mild equable temperature. A first-class hotel with all modern improvements. **Through Pullman cars** from **New York** daily 4:30 P.M., via Pennsylvania R.R. **Sanitary arrangements unsurpassed.** Luxurious marble baths supplied with natural Thermal waters, a specific in cases of gout, rheumatism, and insomnia.
Dr. Schuman Leclercq, with large experience gained from nine years' professional service at **Carlsbad, Austria,** is the Physician in charge.
WM. G. DOOLITTLE, } Managers,
P. B. BODEN, } Hot Springs, N. C.
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(For other advertisements in this department see following page.)

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Board, at a pleasant house, centrally located. Large, sunny rooms; attractive grounds. Northern management.
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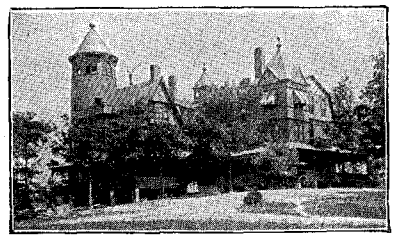
Write for Descriptive Circular of



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ASHEVILLE N. C.
location, appointments, and climate perfect. HEALTH RECREATION REST

THE SWANNANOA ASHEVILLE N. C.
Strictly good, medium-priced, all-the-year family hotel.
R. R. RAWLS.

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Walter's Sanitarium
WALTER'S PARK, WERNERSVILLE, PA.
Easiest of access. Most eligibly located. Air, water, and scenery unequaled. Climate "the finest in the world." Delightful **Winter Resort**. Terms exceptionally low to suit the times. Address as above. ROBT. WALTER, M.D.

South Carolina

AIKEN, South Carolina.—Private board in a pleasant house; large rooms; extensive grounds; centrally located; moderate rates. Address
BELL HOUSE, Mrs. J. M. Bell, Prop.

AIKEN, S. C. Busch House
Rates, $2 per day. Special rates by week.
HENRY BUSCH, Proprietor.

UFTON COURT, Camden, S. C.—Old-fashioned Southern home, beautifully situated, half a mile from depot, post-office, etc. Charming walks and drives. No malaria. Sandy soil and pines. For terms, Northern references, and printed matter address
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CHARLESTON HOTEL
CHARLESTON, S. C. E. H. JACKSON, Prop.
Rates, $3 and $4 per day. Rooms with baths extra.

PINE FOREST INN
WINTER RESORT
Summerville, South Carolina
OPENS NOVEMBER 15, 1893
HARVEY S. DENISON, Manager
A new substantial and elegant property AMIDST THE PINES, unlimited attractions, 22 miles from CHARLESTON, frequent trains.
New York office, Murray Hill Hotel.
Chicago office, Hotel Richelieu.

Virginia

Absolutely free from malaria and unsurpassed for healthfulness generally, and so testified to by physicians; with air heavily charged with ozone—nature's greatest boon to the health-seeker—with scenic attractions unrivaled, Old Point Comfort ranks foremost as a winter resort, while its world-famous Hygeia Hotel, with its improved and now perfect drainage and other sanitary arrangements, the unquestioned purity of its drinking-water, unsurpassed cuisine, embracing every delicacy of land and sea foods, the charm of its resident garrison life, its abundant Musical features and dancing, constitute a variety of attractions seldom offered at any resort.
F. N. PIKE, Manager.

A Correction

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It is stated in your last number that "one of the clothing-cutters' unions has gladly designated some of its members to work at seventy-five cents a day on the clothing for the South Carolina sufferers."

The fact is, that not only one union, but seven unions, have sent men to work in the shop, fifty-eight of the tailors employed (at sixty and seventy cents for eight hours' work) being members of unions.

In offering this means of relief to the unions for their members, it was explained that the amounts paid must be low, in order not to attract any one from regular work, however poorly paid; and the Committee also expressed its own disapproval of low wages, and stated that the amounts paid were to be regarded as relief and not as wages.

Will you allow me to express my pleasure in your article "How Not to Do It," especially in your protest against the fallacy that Christian charity can be vicariously exercised, and in the Rev. Mr. Barnett's words?

The only legitimate use of charitable machinery is to render personal charity more effective and beneficent. L.

New York City.

—Mascagni, the provider of what Huneker has called "operatic bob veal," has lately occupied the attention, not only of the Italian, but of the German, music world to the exclusion of greater masters. One of them was Tschaikovsky, who died a few weeks since. Indeed, the way he has been ignored by the Teutons seems inexplicable. It is said that the recent rendition of his fifth symphony at Leipsic was the first performance of any of the Tschaikovsky symphonies in Germany.

Advance in Price of Coal
need not increase the cost of other necessaries. Housekeepers and mothers can still obtain the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk at a reasonable price. Its quality has been maintained for over thirty years without an equal.

TRAVEL

GOOD NEWS
Visit the Mid-Winter Fair at San Francisco

You have long contemplated a California trip, and this winter offers you an excellent chance. The holding of a Mid-Winter Fair at San Francisco will be an incentive for many to visit California.

Now, the "Good News" we suggest at heading is this: The Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Ry. has put on a daily Tourist Car from Chicago to San Francisco, via Ft. Worth, El Paso, and Los Angeles. It is a lovely winter route.

The weekly Phillips Rock Island Excursions, leaving Boston every Tuesday, are personally conducted from ocean to ocean, and are popular. This car arrives and leaves Chicago every Thursday. There is also a car leaving Chicago every Tuesday, and its route is via Pueblo, the Scenic Route, and Ogden, to San Francisco, same as Boston car.

Rates low. Write to any Great Rock Island Route representative for full particulars, or address
JOHN SEBASTIAN, G.P.A., Chicago.

Perfect road-bed, four tracks, fine cars, elegant service, quick time, and Grand Central Station—all by the New York Central; the best line between New York or Boston and Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago.

For a copy of one of the "Four-Track Series" send two 2-cent stamps to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Perfect Baby Health

ought to mean glowing health throughout childhood, and robust health in the years to come. When we see in children tendencies to weakness, we know *they are missing the life of food taken.* This loss is overcome by

Scott's Emulsion
of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, a fat-food that builds up appetite and produces flesh at a rate that appears magical.
Almost as palatable as milk.
Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Book free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B.F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

EXTRACT OF BEEF
As a medical comfort and stimulant. The Medical Profession recommends highly the use of
Liebig COMPANY'S Extract
in all cases of weakness and digestive disorder. Try a cup when exhausted and see how refreshing it is.
This is a facsimile of the signature *J. Liebig* of Justus von Liebig on the jar.
BE SURE AND GET THE GENUINE

FOR SHORTENING LONG LABOR,
—writing anything more times than one, get an
Edison Mimeograph,
—*The Church Worker's Right Hand Helper.*
In one hour's time it makes 1,000 exact copies of anything written with a pen or typewriter. Anybody can operate it. Write for catalogue and samples of work.
Various sizes—$12 to $20.
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Financial

The addition made to the surplus reserve of the banks last week brought the aggregate of such surplus up to $80,815,150. The result of this week is below. These figures tell the story of idle money for which the restricted business of the country furnishes no employment. It must be remembered that this is only the *surplus* reserve; the total reserve is nearly equal to twice this sum, of which considerably over $100,000,000 is in gold, for the banks have a superabundance of the yellow metal now. The tendency toward a firm market for sterling exchange, which was so marked two weeks ago as to threaten rather extensive shipments of gold to the other side, is now changed to decided ease in rates, and actual business ranges for sight bills at $4.85¾, which is full as near the import as the export figures for gold; at the very close there was a little more strength to the sterling bill market, but not sufficient to change the quotations.

The attempt is being made to estimate the result of our market interchanges with Europe, on account of securities, during the past year; some figures have been made as approximating; it is believed that we have had returned to us some $200,000,000 of stocks and bonds, and that we have sent out, as an offset, about $100,000,000, leaving a balance of securities, which we have had to take care of, of $100,000,000, which, it is conjectured, has left Europe, especially London markets, bare of speculative holdings of Americans. It should not be forgotten that there have been private negotiations of bonds which are entitled to come into the estimate, and which would leave a less amount against us in the exchanges. The fact that we exported about $71,000,000 gold and imported about $62,000,000, leaving an output of about $9,000,000 only of gold, indicates that these figures, representing the movement of securities, should be taken with some grains of allowance. The recent receiverships have served to depress our corporation credits abroad, and are now certainly deterring the foreign markets from absorbing our bonds and stocks. Very bitter articles are being written in some of the English financial papers concerning railway managements here, and the results of such managements as now demonstrated in the numerous receiverships; but it must be borne in mind that we are passing through a commercial crisis, which has reduced railway earnings to a very low ebb, and that these receiverships are, some of them, probably, temporary, made with a view of protecting properties until such time as credits shall admit of negotiations; for the floating liabilities, in most instances, which have forced a resort to court protection, are, in amount, only about the average liabilities which are generally existing with large systems in ordinary times. The trouble is, and has been, that, with the gloomy outlook for railway business, neither banks nor capitalists care to extend additional credit to the companies. This was so with the Erie Railway Company, with the Atchison, the Union Pacific, the Reading Company, and other great corporations. The agitation of a tariff reform, supplementing that of the silver excitement, has produced such a shrinkage of credits as practically to reduce the buying power all over the country, and, with this reduced, business has enormously shrunken. The fault of small railway earnings is not due to railway managements, and they should not receive the condemnations visited upon them by foreign writers unfamiliar with the conditions here. Everything tending to the present disastrous conditions is due to legislation, both present and past.

In the meantime capital is withdrawn, manufactories abandoned, railways reduced to non-paying rates and to extremely meager traffic, and trade is shrunken to half its volume. All great markets, therefore, as a logical result, are mostly dead, or confined to a limited patronage, with no life and little hope. Wall Street is waiting, floundering about until something definite in legislation is accomplished or rejected. Prices for stocks and bonds are the sheerest sort of a guess from day to day, and no tendency is apparent excepting the gambling one.

The railway earnings for the beginning of the new year are not yet in figures, but the closing week of the old year exhibited lean enough results. St. Paul lost $270,000 the last week in December, and many other roads in proportion. All kinds of business are from hand to mouth.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase	$1,200,700
Specie, increase	4,757,000
Legal tenders, increase	1,246,200
Deposits, increase	12,086,800
Reserve, increase	2,981,500

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